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# THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII
No. 1865
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
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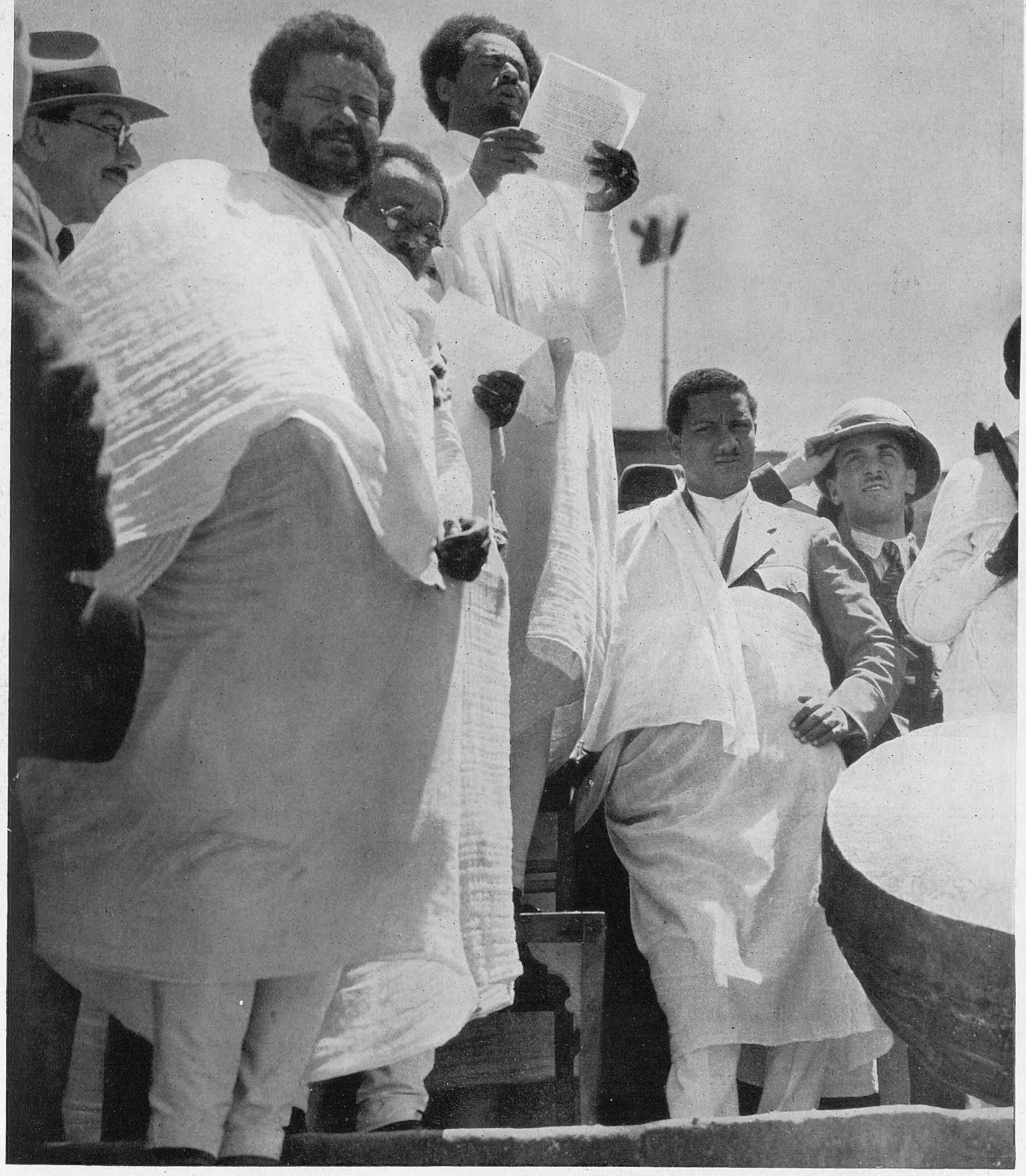

# Haile Selassie's Call to Arms

## The Grand Chamberlain Reads the Emperor's General Mobilisation Proclamation

Not until Italy's bombing 'planes had taken Adowa by surprise and General de Bono's troops had begun their march across the frontier, did Haile Selassie issue from the Old Palace at Addis Ababa his order for general mobilisation throughout the empire. On the morning of October 3 a vast throng of warriors massed in the courtyard as the Grand Chamberlain read the announcement: "The hour is grave. Arise each one of you, take up arms and rush to the defence of your country. Rally to your chiefs, obey them with single purpose. God be with us all. Forward—for your Emperor and your homeland." As the monotonous cadence of his voice ceased there was a roar of cheering from the assembled warriors, and then, most dramatic event of all, "The Great Drum of Menelek" boomed out over the city, giving in time-honoured fashion the news that the hour for battle had struck. By nightfall the drums were beating in every province, and the dwellers on the desolate plains and the people in their hill fastnesses were hastening to obey the call

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WHEN THE FLEET RETURNS: One of the Scottish fisher-girls, who go from port to port dealing with the catch as the herring appear at varying points on the East Coast of Britain, filling a barrel of gutted and salted fish on the quay at Yarmouth where the season is now in full swing, and where, during the full moon, there have been some phenomenal catches, particularly of the larger East Anglian varieties. At neighbouring Lowestoft there was a possibility of a serious glut, and it was announced a few days ago that the local committee of the newly-constituted Herring Board, which is engaged in the reorganisation and development of the industry, had introduced temporary regulations to limit the supply

# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

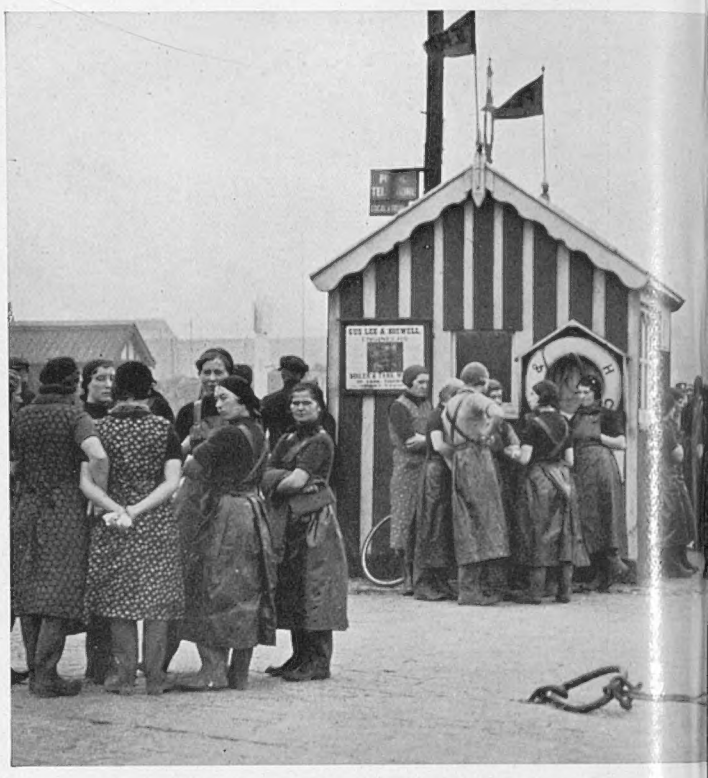
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 16, 1935.

**THE LEAGUE AGREES ON ACTION.**—The League Assembly on October 11 affirmed its Council's decision that Italy was the aggressor, and that measures of restraint must be taken against her under Article XVI. The decision was made with reluctance and determination by fifty signatory nations, with Austria and Hungary dissenting. Italy's considered defence of her actions was received with the attention and sympathy due to a signatory which has done good service to the League in the past and is faced to-day with grave problems, economic and military, at home and in her Colonial dominions. But, if the League is to survive in any form and with whatever limitation of the methods by which world peace is to be maintained, it could not pass over Italy's flagrant violation of the Covenant in the recent stages which led to war. So it passed to a co-ordinating committee to consider what types of sanctions were possible and expedient. No brain wave, radiated from this committee, can stop the war to-day or to-morrow. A prompt start in a small way was made and Mr. Eden expressed his satisfaction with it. The arms embargo on Abyssinia, so long imposed, was removed, and financial credits are to be withheld (for what that is worth) from Italy. America stands beside the League in this first effort. These methods and any others to be agreed, must in this instance be punitive and not effective for peace. But they may well prove a precedent of immense importance and have in them fearful potentiality for good or ill for the world.

**THE LEAGUE'S DILEMMA.**—The appalling dilemma of the League becomes clearly seen in its acutest form only when "the Aggressor has been named" and his violation of the Covenant calls to be "immediately brought to an end." That is by means of Sanctions, since the League has failed to prevent or stop the war by the mere exertion of its influence for peace. Force is already ruled out as certainly incapable of unanimous agreement and as probably unworkable in any event. The experts' attention is wholly directed to securing a proposal which might find majority support among signatory nations of "financial and economic pressure." It is a form of punishment which (*pace* the headmaster) is closely allied to a birching, in that "it hurts me as much as it hurts you." Italy, the aggressor, would no doubt be hit twice as hard as the nations enforcing the punishment; they, too, would be hit quite hard enough. Say the League Powers refuse to accept Italian exports. Italian credit is tottering. It can maintain its balance only by continued and increasing exports; it can feed itself only by exporting goods in exchange for foodstuffs and material. True, she could continue to trade with non-signatory powers. But it stands to reason that even a 50 per cent. loss of her foreign markets would put her in the state of Germany at her nadir. And what effect did the economic obliteration of Germany have on post-war Europe? It was the prime fount of our post-war tears. So, one sees the vicious circle within vicious circle and appreciates at last the implication of sanctions and the awful gravity of the decisions with which the League is faced. If it secures unanimity for this or that course, dare it risk the collapse of the world's credits again? The pessimist asks whether now or ever the League and its remedies can be more than a distant dream. But the optimist is quietly confident and thankful that a start has been made to implement the Covenant in a small and "non-contentious" way.

**THE LOST LEADER.**—Mr. Lansbury, as expected, tendered last week his resignation of the Labour Party leadership in the Commons and follows "his friend Ponsonby" into the wilderness. With both pacificism in the international sense is an article of faith, and in that faith they have lived and not seldom nearly died. His party supported the policy of "sanctions"—though it may prove but a theoretical policy—and on that account (as partly on account of advancing age and infirmity) "Daddy" Lansbury left the bridge. For four years he led a weak and inexperienced opposition, never losing heart, or faith, or souring the natural sweetness and optimism and essential decency of his nature. He has shown constant courage in adversity, much tact and ceaseless energy. People have smilingly called him a sentimentalist, but always with respect and affection. And he deserved these tributes because his heart was always raw with pity for the young denied the joys of youth, the downtrodden, and the depressed. If he was a sentimentalist he was one of the practical sort. He could not have achieved what he has achieved in power and opposition without ability, practicability, and strength of character and brain.

**LORD MORTON.**—Lord Morton's death at the age of ninety revives in memory the delightful stories



**"...IN BELGRAVE SQUARE."**—The Duchess of Kent's baby set all the historians and genealogists to work among the records. He is the first prince to be born to the House of Windsor; the first grandson in the male line of the King; the first prince to be born in the Royal family for thirty years. His ancestry has been tabulated, the blood in his veins analysed, and very soon some devout lady will embark on his biography. What then remains for me to say that has not been said? He is the first prince to be born to a Duchess of Kent for 116 years (and that was a princess!) When the parents of Queen Victoria hurried to England in order that the heir to the throne might be born on English soil, apartments were reluctantly found for them in Kensington Palace and there the tremendous baby was born. The new Kent baby was born in Belgravia. In 1819, the year of Princess Victoria's birth, Belgravia was a marshy swamp, infested with highwaymen and snipe. It was known as "the five fields," and except for the Lock Hospital and Jerry Abershaw's shack, it did not boast a dwelling, for all that it abutted on the gardens of Buckingham House. Then came, about 1824, Mr. Cubitt who scratched the clay of the five fields and found gravel under it and made bricks of the clay and built Belgravia.

of the unconventionality of his family and of life at Conaglen which were current in the Edwardian age. His family has held lands in Fife round Aberdour since the fourteenth century, and he himself was twentieth holder of a title which had been held by the son-in-law of James I and by the Regent Morton who helped to murder both Rizzio and Darnley. Lord Morton's chief occupation was the care of his Scottish estates, 50,000 acres or more. His hobbies were yachting and stalking. He married a sister of the late Lord de Mauley ("Billy," who was himself famed for his unconventionality; who bicycled to shooting parties carrying in a brown paper parcel only a spare shirt and a tooth-brush). They had five sons of whom three died untimely. Like their father and mother, they were utterly unconventional, and in London shared their clothes of ceremony and rode in the Row in the season in the least fashionable or apt garments. It used to be said that they accepted invitations to dances in strict regard to their right to wear the family evening suit. At home at Conaglen they were immensely experienced yachtsmen and had nothing to learn of the art of deer stalking from the most experienced of stalkers. Every autumn Conaglen was crammed with visitors and the yacht was always brought into requisition as an annexe. No guest could ever depend on getting his dinner before ten p.m., until yachtsmen and stalkers returned home, "the sailor home from sea and the hunter home from the hill." I recall a sad tale of a visiting parson who staggered into the billiards room at one a.m. and asked two of the boys if their game was

nearly finished. They asked him why he wanted to know. "I am sleeping on the billiards table," he gloomily rejoined. Lord and Lady Morton came annually to London and together went daily, when Parliament was sitting, to the House of Lords. They also cared nothing about appearances and were often mistaken for very humble folk, to the delight of their family and friends.

**EASTERN TREASURES.**—East and West the world is sick and sorry. But it is our task to save civilisation, which after all depends as much on culture as on diplomacy. For culture is a cure and diplomacy but a remedy for all our ills. A great Whig Duchess invited her late husband's friends to the funeral and added: "Bring your gun, whoever dies, the pheasants must be shot." Whoever goes to war, the great Chinese Art Exhibition must be held next month at Burlington House, and we must begin to train our minds and eyes to the wonders we shall see. The main difference between Chinese and European art is this: European Art is broadly realistic. Chinese Art is essentially non-realistic. The Chinese artist and craftsman of all ages laboured for

ACTIVITY ON YARMOUTH QUAY: As the drifters return to port the Scottish herring-gutters stand ready to prepare the catch for market. On the whole conditions in the industry appear to be much better this year than they were last; and, although the plenitude of fish has adversely affected prices, orders from abroad are on the upgrade. Russia, Poland, and Germany have all made considerable purchases

and by the mind and imagination rather than for and by the eye. He conceived and executed not an objective presentation of a thing as the eye sees it, but his mind's conception of that thing. To that extent, the new post-war impressionists are more nearly allied to the Chinese than anything in European Art since the Italian primitives (or *e.g.*, the Sienese school). But Chinese art has another marked peculiarity which will confuse us at first. The Chinese artist often not so much *paints* with his brush as *writes* with his brush. He transfers his thoughts to his surface sometimes in a form of brush-writing. Once more. In the art of sculpture you will find the Chinese artist more allied to Rodin than to any other European. If he presents a human figure, he does not suggest: "Here is a woman's form. It is graven from stone or jade." He suggests: "Here was a block of stone or jade which has taken on a woman's form." These are rough suggestions for adjusting our ideas. We shall see Chinese art developing since time or dim history ran—3,500 years. The treasures come from the museums and private galleries of the whole world, mostly or most richly from China. But America holds the palm for sculptuary. This briefly, is what I gather from reading what our great art critics have said in *The Times* and other daily and monthly journals. In these high matters, I am perforce a cribber and a very humble student.

**DAMPING.**—There fell in my garden near Haslemere between August 15 and the end of September 8·64 inches of rain. There fell between October 1 and 10 3·94 inches of rain. That totals 12·58 inches between August 15 and October 10. It is more like the rainfall of Pembroke (or for that matter Assam where they reckon annual rainfall in yards instead of inches in order to save time.) The wells in whose holdings we have of recent years been interesting ourselves, should by now be gurgling with repletion and the Thames flow should reveal no immediate cause for anxiety. This rainfall must be something like a record. I hope it is, and that it will remain so in our time. It has made the roads horribly treacherous, for fallen and wet leaves, when green, are worse than grease, and it gives promise of more than usually dense and prolonged fogs in November. Which is not encouraging for Mr. Belisha. As for the fruit farmers, their lot is gloomy as a result of their harvest weather. At a great fruit farm in my district, there is not an apple, plum, damson, or cherry to be bought for love or money.

**ARMAMENT SHARES.**—Many years ago I bought some Vickers Ordinary shares at 14s. 7½d. My broker told me they should appreciate. They did not. From the day on which I bought them I never had a chance to get out without loss. The return on my money was not high: my capital was decreasing. My comfort lay in the fact that I was "part proprietor" of a superbly financed, superbly managed, far-sightedly organised, British concern, of which Britain might well be proud. One thing, a year or two ago, was quite clear to me when I considered cutting my loss. If ever Vickers raised her head again (and let me out) she must do so by the arts of peace and not of war. "Armament Shares" had become a name unpopular and smelling of failure. If shipping improved, Vickers might look up. If commercial flying developed more quickly than I expected, Vickers shares might rise again. But as "armament counters," my shares held no possible hope of recovery. (Said I, two years ago.) What happened? Our trade raised her head again; there was a mild recovery in shipbuilding; for purely "routine" reasons, the Government's naval construction programme was enlarged and advanced, and Vickers shares rose in a small way according to my forecast. When they got back to 11s. I was overjoyed and felt the hour ripe to get out with but a 30 per cent. loss. Indeed, I felt I was making money by selling. To-day they stand above 20s. and solely as a result of war and because they are "armament counters." So much for human foresight, for my views were not unique two years ago. Indeed, the little tale is a doleful document illustrating our own times.

**REFLECTION ON MOVING HOME.**—Once or twice (or more) in a lifetime men and women are forced or elect to move from one house to another. It is a terrible time. I know—I am fresh (?) from it. The furniture removers are wonderful men, soft-hearted, iron-thewed, infinitely calm, patient, careful, and dispassionate. They inspire confidence and give the impression that things would be best if you left it all to them. But if you must perforce remain at hand they usually concede to you the labour of filling packing-cases. In theory I have pitied the furniture removers, for ever handling other men's heavy and innumerable possessions and depositing them in the (at last) "ideal home." But when I came to fill those packing-cases, I ceased to pity them and transferred my pity to those with hoarded superfluity of possessions. I filled twenty packing-cases with books and still more unemptied shelves grinned at me. I thought a man could never have too many books. I think differently to-day. Except for *D.N.B.* and *Encyclopædia Britannica*, I have read every word of every book on my shelves, and I know that I can never endure to read again more than 7 per cent. of the novels and 30 per cent. of the histories, biographies and travel books. I have broken my back man-handling what to me is largely "junk." And so with half my accumulated store of clothes, boots, and equipment. More than half I shall never wear again and yet cannot find heart to scrap. If a house-moving has taught me anything, it has taught me to see some sense in the rising generation's loathing for hoarded possessions. I understand, at last, the good points of the tiny-flat with its accommodation for a dozen books, four suits and a cocktail outfit. I loathe my possessions. So help me, I will never move again.

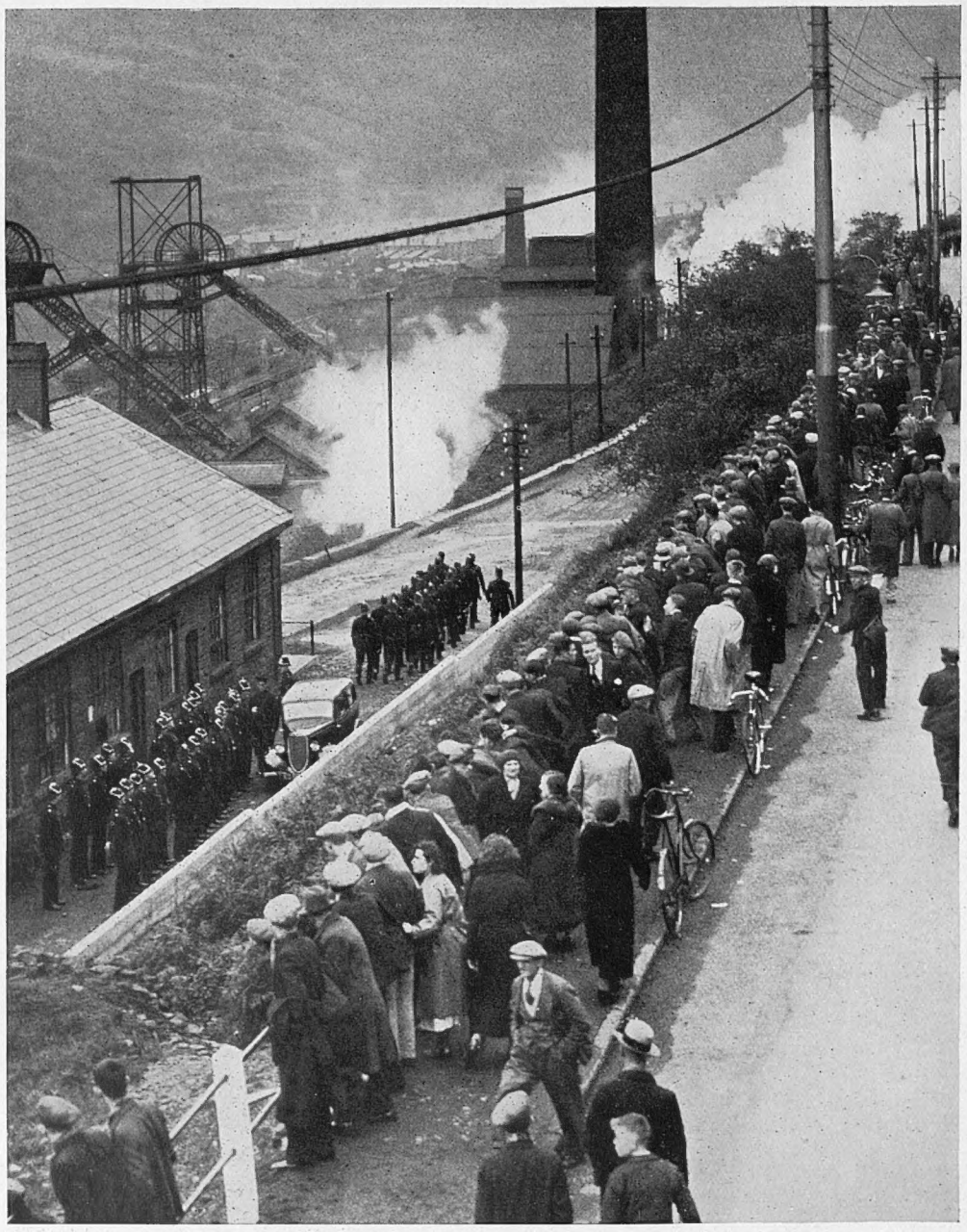
**THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.**—The expected—the inevitable—reaction to Liberalism has come about in Canada. In the general election she has come back to her "spiritual home." Liberalism in Canada is a living flame which never dies down to grey embers. The early results, especially from Nova Scotia, showed Mr. Mackenzie King soaring and Mr. Bennett's ministers and supporters suffering defeat in unexpected quarters.

THE OLD STAGER

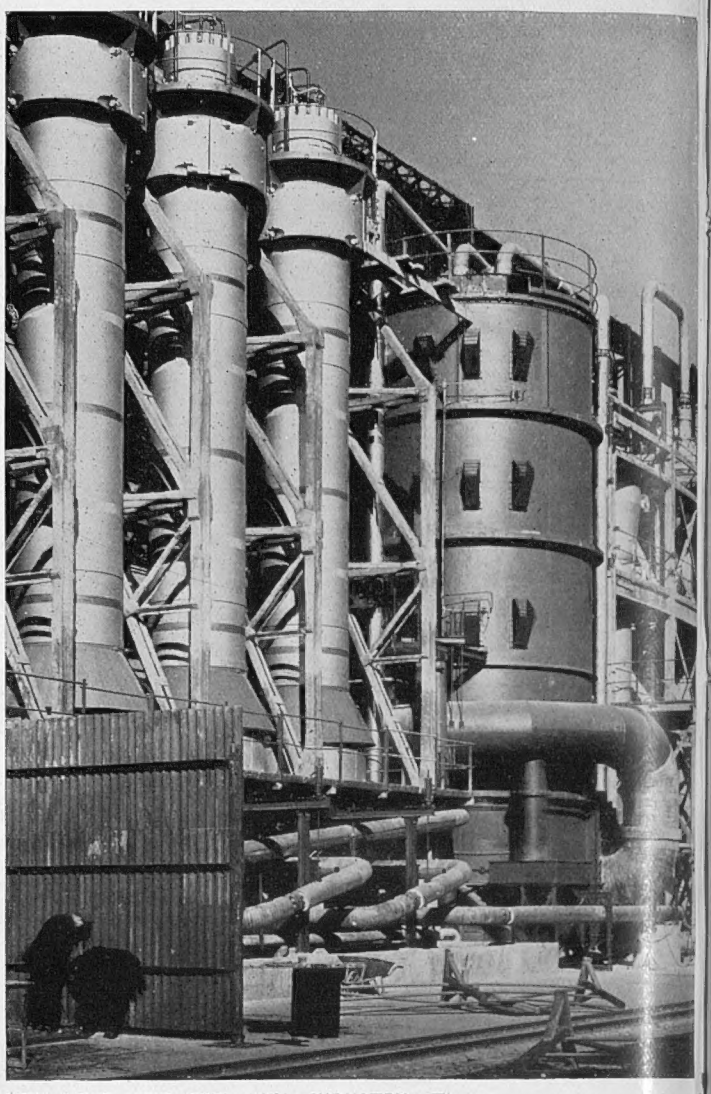
THE PASSING OF ANOTHER ATLANTIC VETERAN: The 46,000-ton Cunard White Star liner, *Olympic*, leaving Southampton for Jarrow on her last voyage preparatory to being broken up by Messrs. T. W. Ward and Co. The vessel was purchased by Sir John Jarvis, High Sheriff of Surrey, in connection with his scheme for helping the unemployed in the Jarrow area, and it is estimated that work will be provided for some hundreds of men over a period of eighteen months, and will represent £100,000 in wages. The *Olympic* was launched at Belfast in 1911, and during the great war served as a troopship

# A EUROPEAN SURVEY

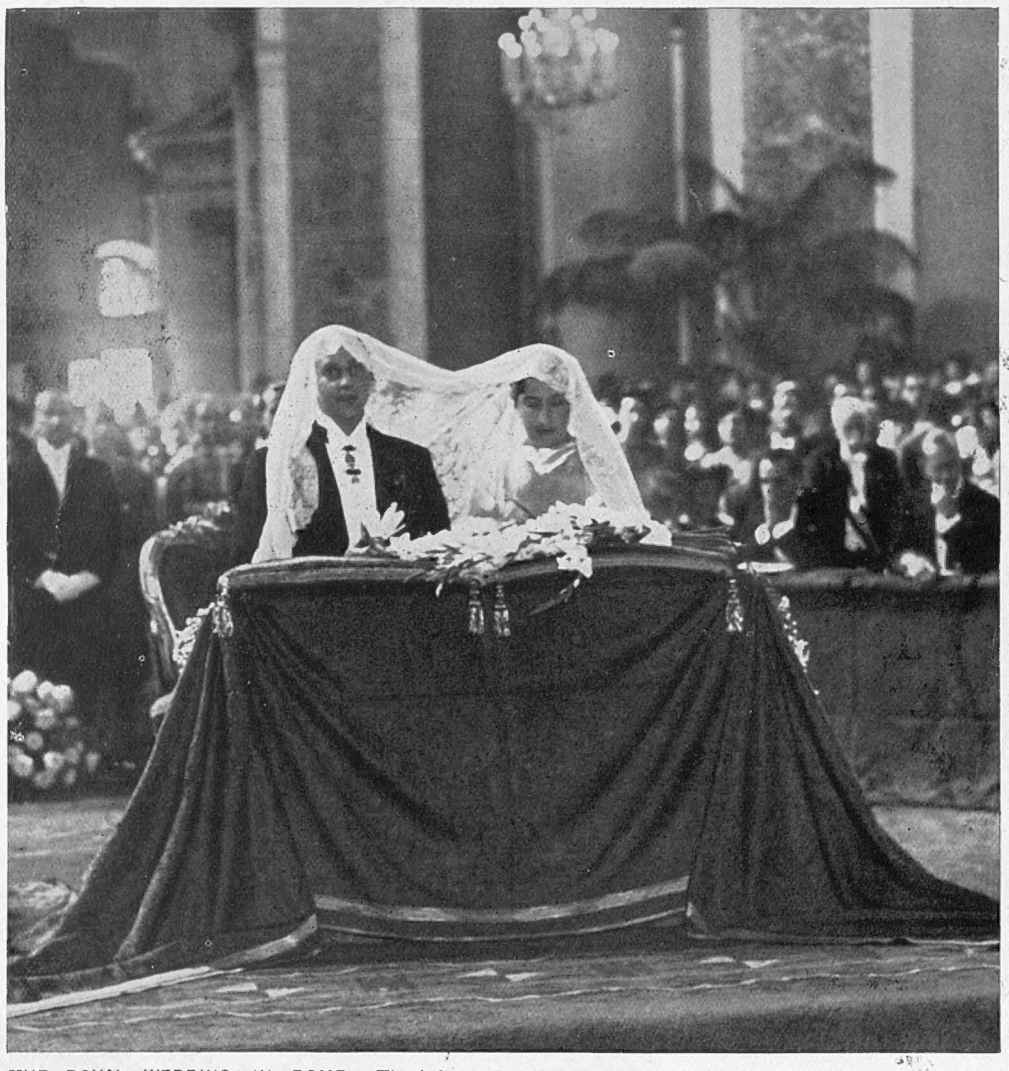
## Events in Britain, Belgium, Italy, and Greece



THE "STAY-DOWN" STRIKE IN THE WELSH COALFIELD: A crowd gathered outside Nine Mile Point Colliery, Monmouthshire, where 200 men refused to leave the workings as a protest against the employment of non-federation labour, and where a strong force of police has been drafted to safeguard "imported" labour. On Tuesday of this week the strike spread rapidly through the Merthyr, Rhondda, and Garw valleys, and nearly 2,000 men were reported to have remained below ground



NEW HOPE FOR THE COAL INDUSTRY: The hydrogenation plant of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., which was opened this week at Billingham-on-Tees, and is now producing petrol from coal



THE ROYAL WEDDING IN ROME: The Infante Don Juan, youngest son of ex-King Alfonso and heir to the Spanish throne, and his cousin, Princess Maria Mercèdes of Bourbon-Sicily, kneeling together in the historic church of Santa Maria degli Angeli during their marriage in Rome last Saturday. In accordance with an old custom part of the bride's veil was draped over the bridegroom's head

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER shaking hands with the drum major during his visit of inspection to the 2nd Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment at Catterick Camp

THE "QUADS": The Mrs. Alfred Harma Inn Road, but one making apparently 3 lb. 7½ oz., 2 lb. 1

NOT SO SERIOUS AS completely over of Brussels. An pilot, Captain A. S

ON THE BRINK: A remarkable picture of a baby seal taken in the Scilly Isles, where during this autumn large numbers of grey seals have been born. The youngsters are covered with a coat of nearly-white fur, and until this falls off, they are reluctant to swim

four children, all boys, who were born to worth at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's of whom has since died unexpectedly after good progress. At birth the children weighed oz., 3 lb. 8½ oz., and 3 lb. 13 oz. respectively

PREPARING THE WAY FOR A RESTORATION: General Kondylis, the newly-appointed Greek Regent and Premier, who has been chosen to act pending the return to the throne of ex-King George. The Government, he declares, has no connection with any party and will remain in power only until the re-establishment of the monarchy

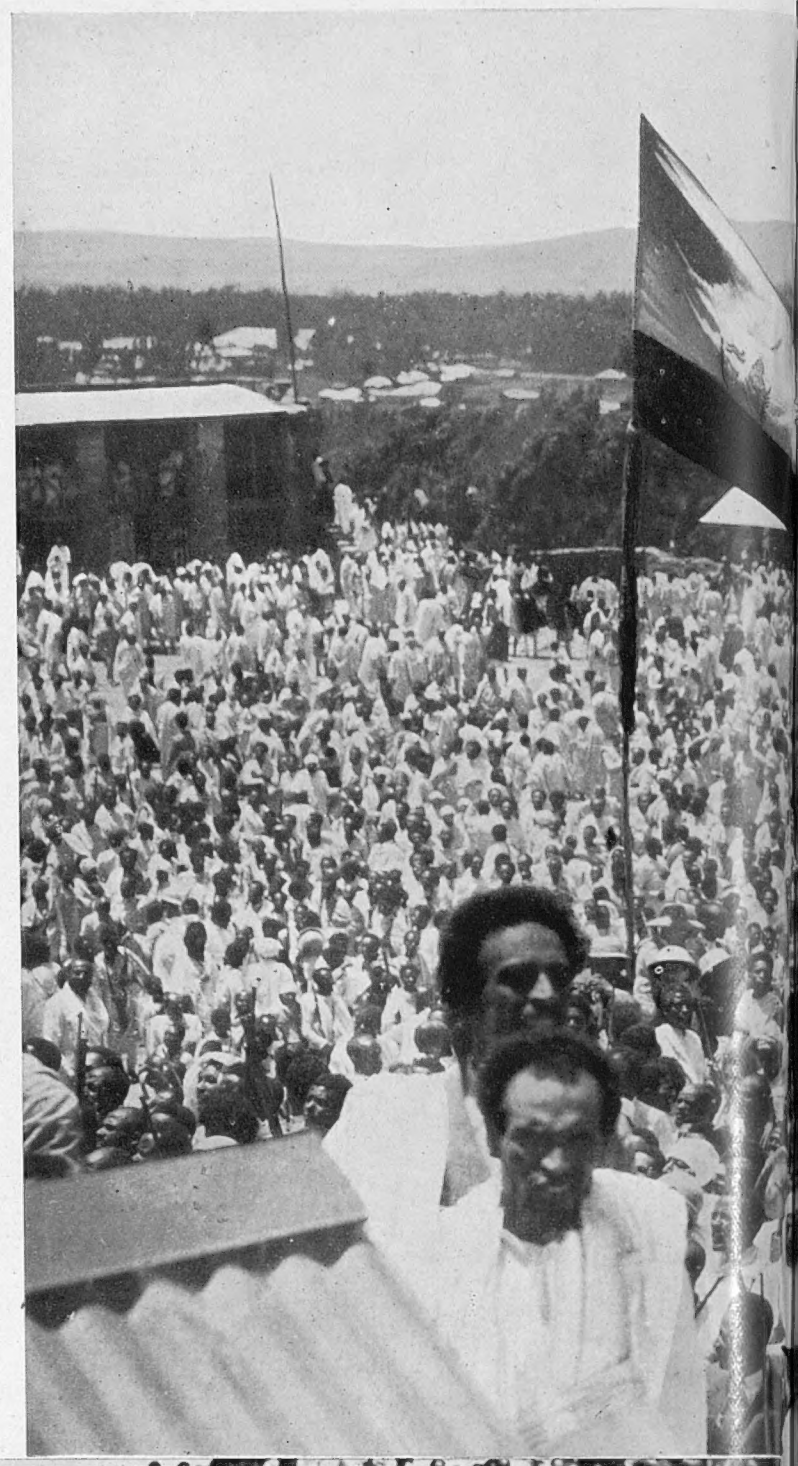
THE HAPPY FATHER: An impression of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent taken outside his home at No. 3 Belgrave Square following the birth of his son. The Duchess and her child made such excellent progress that on Monday last the doctors decided to issue no further bulletins for some days. The first portrait of the new Prince, who stands seventh in succession to the throne, has already been made and the artist is Prince Nicholas, his grandfather

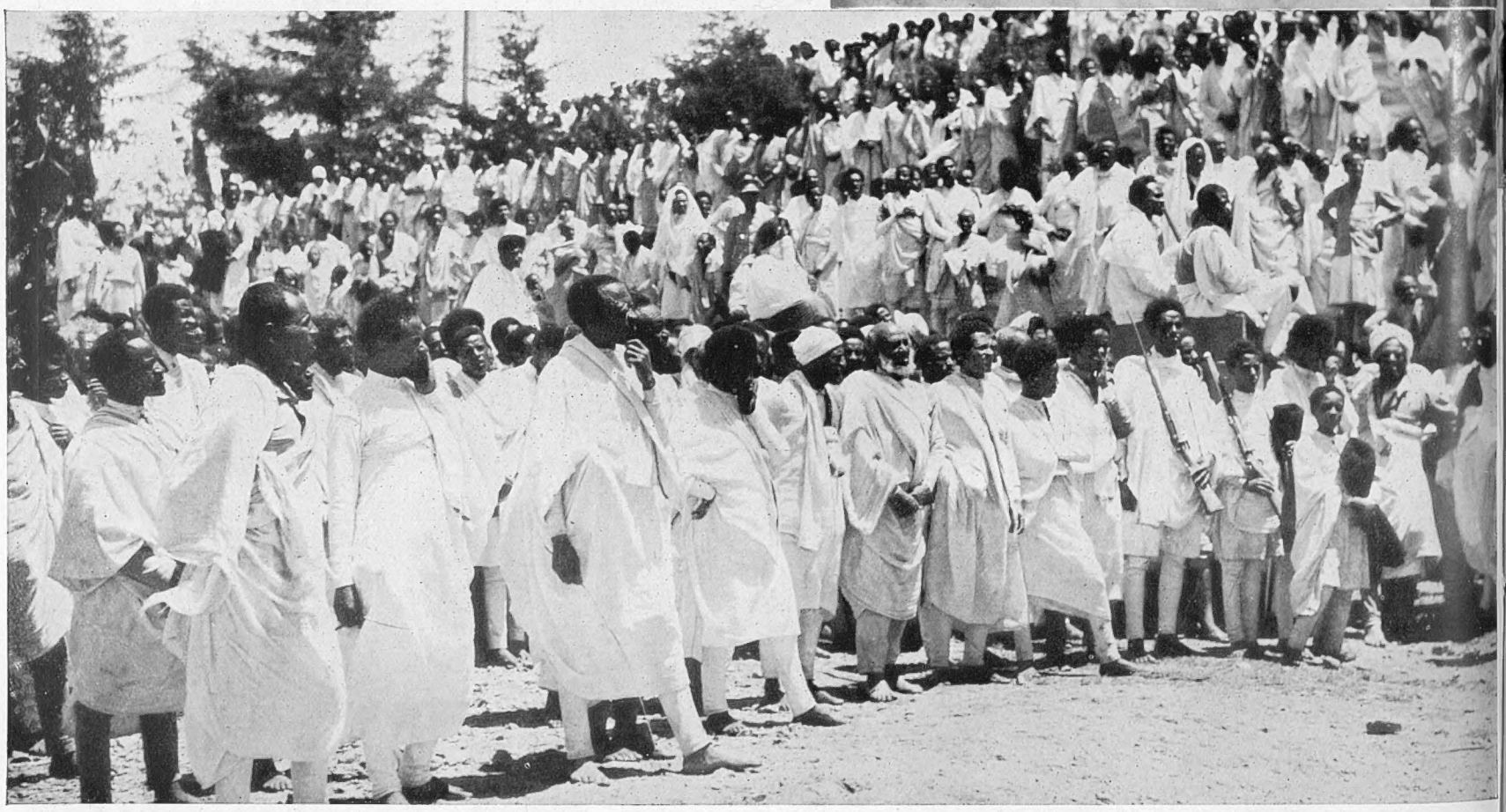
IT SEEMS: The giant Imperial Airways air-liner, *Syrinx*, which, after weathering a severe storm on a flight from Cologne, turned after being struck by a gust of wind when taxi-ing along the ground on arrival at Evere Aerodrome, the air port bulances were rushed to the machine and the passengers and crew were speedily extricated. No one was hurt, but the Wilcockson, who was strapped to his seat when the crash occurred, was suspended head downwards for some minutes

# ADDIS ABABA'S DAY OF DRAMA

## The Proclamation of General Mobilisation, and Other News from Abyssinia

PICTURESQUE CEREMONIAL IN THE CAPITAL: A member of the church, clad in a richly embroidered robe and carrying an ancient cross of gold filigree work, walking in the procession of priests which headed a detachment of troops as far as the city boundary when the latter left Addis Ababa on the way to the northern front in the province of Tigré. The Emperor watched the departure from a balcony of the Old Palace on the hill





ON THE OGADEN FRONT: Warriors of General Habuta Mikaille's southern defence force gathered near the Italian Somaliland frontier. At the time of writing the news from this region has been conflicting, reports of fighting having been announced one day and denied the next. It appears that up till Tuesday of this week General Graziani's troops had made little progress, but it seems almost certain that several of the Italian fighting machines had dropped bombs on the Abyssinian troops and had caused a certain amount of loss of life. Expert observers of the situation are of the opinion, however, that throughout the campaign the main theatre of war will be in the north

ZERO HOUR: White-robed warriors in the courtyard of the Old Palace at Addis Ababa as they assembled to hear Haile Selassie's proclamation of general mobilisation following the first advance of General de Bono's troops across the frontier of Ethiopia and Eritrea. This picture, together with the others reproduced on these two pages, was rushed to London by aeroplane

THE EMPEROR'S MOUTHPIECE: As soon as the announcement of general mobilisation had been read, an official of the Royal household beat on "The Great Drum of Menelek"—the time-honoured call-to-arms which was later repeated by drums in every province of the Empire, arousing the people to a fever-pitch of enthusiasm. *On right*—Many women and children have left Addis Ababa as they are afraid of air raids, and this picture, taken at the railway station, shows natives about to entrain

THE DISSENTERS: Herr Velics, the Hungarian delegate (*left*), and Baron Emeric Pflugl, the Austrian delegate (*right*), who abstained from voting at the historic meeting of the League last week when fifty-one nations indicted Italy for infringing the Covenant and agreed to enforce Sanctions

# GENEVA ROUNDABOUT

*Life in the League Lobbies when the Delegates are Assembled and the Permanent Officials are Galvanized into Activity*

Ere the season is in full swing, ere the political pundits make their appearance on the Geneva stage, the League whiles its time away in pleasant idleness. The spacious lobbies in the building of the League Secretariat are then empty, though during the season they resemble some spa promenade. Only occasionally does some permanent foreign Press correspondent at Geneva pass by on his way to some official of the Secretariat. The large staff of the League arrive at their offices at 10 o'clock, they leave before one for lunch, and come back at three, and again go home between five and six, being bored with their meagre activity, writing reports which they know hardly anyone reads. But social life thrives among the officials of the Secretariat staff. Tea parties, excursions, bridge parties are made up; intrigues, love affairs, petty jealousies serve to break the monotony. These people know one another inside out; the same faces all the time; they are unable to escape from each other. They have become weary of a certain League professionalism which has grown upon them. And they live as if on an island, cut off so to speak from the rest of the world, far from the struggles of everyday life, being provided with irrevocable contracts for twenty-eight years at colossal salaries. A typist in the Secretariat of the League, whose greatest merit is to be discreet, gets 16,000 Swiss Frs., which at the present rate of exchange comes to about £1,000. The high officials, the directors and under-secretaries live in palatial villas, have luxurious cars and maintain a standard which would certainly be beyond their reach in their own countries.

Such an "El Dorado" of this blissful Secretariat family vanishes suddenly however as if at the touch of a magic wand when the "S.D.N." season opens at Geneva. Activity becomes feverish, and the staff is overworked with business that does not allow of the slightest delay. Entertainment, bridge parties, excursions, socials cease, boredom gives place to strenuous, though short-lived work—the Assembly opens, the Council meets.

The hub of the League Universe is the Press lobbies. At the period of League activity these lobbies are teeming with journalists and statesmen. They are the general meeting place; opinions and information are exchanged there; this is the hotbed of all those rumours which so often end in denial. From the forty telephone cubicles news is sent out all over the globe. At the cocktail bar that extends along half the lobby, statesmen allow secrets to leak out and drop hints to pressmen. And it is also there that journalists supply statesmen with valuable information. This is the world's greatest bourse of international politics. This is the check of public opinion over the activity of the League.

Old Papa Dell of the *Manchester Guardian* whispers something into the ear of Litvinoff, and Benes confers in a confidential manner with Paul Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Titulescu pauses looking thoughtfully at a cartoon of himself hanging from the wall; and those who watch him are doubtful which is actually the caricature! In the corner handsome Anthony Eden gives an interview to Ewer of the *Daily Herald*. Fergusson, the Reuter man, is trying hard to extract some hints from Colonel Beck, the sphinx-like Polish Foreign Minister. The energetic Madame Tabuis of *l'Œuvre* pays her addresses to Señor Madariaga, hoping to learn from him the secrets of the Committee of Five. In the centre Edouard Herriot, surrounded by French journalists tells his latest joke to the merriment of all within earshot.

Other places where dreams of international import are made are the hotels of Geneva. In the private suites of the Beau Rivage, des Bergues, Richemond, Carlton, etc., secret talks, confidential whispers are passed, away from the prying eyes and the ears of the Press.

The French and the Italians are immediate neighbours at the Hôtel des Bergues, as if to manifest their friendship. Who could tell how many times weary Baron Aloisi went downstairs, a floor below, to seek consolation from Laval? Who could guess what advice the French Prime Minister may have given to the Italian Government in the dead of night at the Hôtel des Bergues? But the French Cabinet had sent two guardians with Laval to Geneva—Edouard Herriot and Paul-Boncour, who kept a watchful eye on what was going on around Laval. In the Hôtel Beau Rivage there reigns Anthony Eden surrounded by Foreign Office officials. During the fine sunny days at Geneva, for Nature treated the Assembly kindly, the handsome British Minister could often be seen early in the morning, as he was slipping across from his hotel to the bathing pool at the lake, to take a dip. News of this quickly got round to the beauties of Geneva and they began to rise early and visit the bathing pool.

A different atmosphere prevailed at the Hôtel Richemond, where Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Commissar was staying, surrounded by half-a-dozen of O.G.P.U. men who day and night kept watch in front of the hotel, in the hall, or in the corridors, assisted by half-a-dozen Swiss detectives. With him was the Soviet Ambassador in Paris who bears the historic name of Potemkin, though the annals are silent on his kinship with the Russian generalissimo of the days of Catherine the Great. There was also the Soviet Ambassador in Rome, Boris Stein, who in appearance is not un-American. And there was finally Madame Kollontay, once beautiful but on whom years are now telling. Walking to the lobby she paid her addresses to Mr. Sandler, the Swedish Minister to whom she is accredited as the Soviet Minister at Stockholm. Another time she gave her attention to M. Titulescu, who responded with a bashful smile. Some of the visitors to M. Litvinoff showed a peculiar predilection either for very early or for very late hours; apparently they did not wish to thrust themselves under the vigilant eye of the many foreign Press representatives staying at the Richemond. The Carlton, away from the centre of the town on a picturesque hill, overlooking the lake, was the seat of M. Titulescu's intrigues. There he held at night conclaves of the Ministers of the Little Entente and the Balkan bloc, or conferred "in strict confidence" with the famous Pertinax to be followed next morning by something very intimate in the *Echo de Paris*.

DR. A. DE VASCONCELOS, of Portugal, the President of the newly appointed Sanctions Committee of the League, in conversation with M. Maurice de Rothschild (*right*) after one of last week's meetings at Geneva

These visits, intrigues, conversations carried on between the hotels of Geneva lead to decisions which are supposedly taken later by the official organs of the League.

The overt, public activity of the League, whether at the Assembly or in the Council, is but a well-staged spectacle. It is known in advance that a public meeting of the Assembly or the Council cannot bring forth anything new or unexpected. Everything has to pass first through the kitchen proper, where all the meals are suitably prepared before they are served up at the table. As a rule the original ideas come from those professional players of the League secretariat, like the Secretary-General Monsieur Avenol and the French officials, Messieurs Odin and Ganem, who are his closest collaborators. They form the so-called masonic triangle of the League. Of late they have been joined by Rosenberg, the Bolshevic Quasimodo, hunchbacked and inconspicuous in appearance, but a penetrating and alert mind. They are those who usually know how to untie the Gordian knots of a complicated international situation through League procedure. Their ideas are taken up by the responsible delegates and at first discussed on the quiet by the French and British delegations. The League experts of the two delegations, Massigli on the French side and Strang on the British side, study these schemes carefully before they are presented as ready made extracts to the heads of the delegations: Laval and Eden. Then follow the consultations between the Chiefs, sometimes with experts attending, sometimes without them. M. Laval seldom makes a decision without consulting first M. Leger the influential Secretary-General of the Quai d'Orsay. Mr. Anthony Eden by telephone exchanges his views with Sir Samuel Hoare or Sir Robert Vansittart in London. It is only later that contacts are established with the heads of the other delegations; with Litvinoff, Aloisi, Beck, Benes, Titulescu, and Madariaga. When views have been exchanged through informal soundings and more or less agreement has been secured on debatable points, the whole matter is again referred to the Secretariat where it is sifted and where it receives the finishing touches, to come before the Assembly or Council as a cut and dried plan, elaborated in the minutest details and decided beforehand.

There are however, times when these informal contacts do not result in understanding. Then secret meetings are called for at which members of the Council exchange bitter words of truth, addressed especially to the mighty ones of this world, to France and Britain. But generally these harsh words prove of little avail and having eased their conscience, critics follow the joint lead of the ever-smiling English gentleman and the gloomy peasant of Auvergne.

It would be hard to picture to oneself something more uninspiring and more mechanical than a public meeting of the League Assembly or the Council. All the decisions to be taken have been prepared and are printed and distributed in advance; they are known beforehand to everybody. The Press, which manages to secure information even of the most secret meetings, has already telephoned about them to London, Paris, New York, Berlin, Rome, Moscow, Warsaw, etc. And yet when the bell rings announcing the opening of the public session all the journalists rush into the meeting room evidently yielding to an irresistible spell which pervades the building.

The Assembly is presided over by Benes. Striking the mallet three times on the table and speaking French with a hideous accent, though correct in grammar, he declared the Assembly open. The same function in the Council is performed by the distinguished-looking delegate from the Argentine, Señor Guinazu, who occupies the centre seat at a horse-shoe table, having on both sides the other thirteen members of the Council. On his left there is the ever-vigilant Monsieur Avenol, the Secretary-General of the League. At the Council meeting the delegates speak from their places and remain seated, usually reading out typewritten reports in a monotonous voice. At the Assembly, which is more like a parliament, while the Council resembles a meeting of cabinet ministers, the delegates make their speeches from a rostrum, in front of the elevated dais where the President of the Assembly towers. But these speeches rarely contain anything unexpected or contribute anything new that may rouse the audience. In the past there were moments when a great political figure like Aristide Briand, who knew how to play on the strings of human emotion, worked up the Assembly and even could bring a tear into the eyes of some of his hearers. But these were the days immediately following the war, when such oratory could still impress people. Now when faced with ever-growing international difficulties, when might again rises to be the final authority, there was only one man who created a real stir in the Assembly, although he spoke with no pathos. It was Sir Samual Hoare who threw the whole weight of the British Empire into the scale. The Assembly listened attentively, so did the Press. And everyone understood that his words reveal a great truth—that the League of Nations, this cliché procedure known beforehand to all, can for all that rise to be a great thing and can give to humanity comfort and harmony.

Stefan Litauer

BRITAIN'S SPOKESMAN: Mr. Anthony Eden, whose clear and incisive statement of Britain's determined policy of peace has done much to assist the League's cause. This picture was taken as he addressed the meeting of the Assembly during the vital Sanctions debate

# Australia's New Cruiser and Poland's New Liner

BEARER OF AN HONOURED NAME: H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, the Australian Navy's new 7,000-ton cruiser of the Leander class, being towed down the Tyne at the start of her journey to Portsmouth prior to being commissioned by an Australian crew which recently arrived in England for the purpose. The former warship of the same name, it will be remembered, engaged the famous German raider *Emden* in November 1914, driving her ashore at North Keeling Island, in the Cocos group, and destroying her completely. This was the first actual fighting ever done by any ship of the Commonwealth Navy

THE BARTER SHIP: The Polish Transatlantic Shipping Company's 15,000-ton liner, *Pilsudski*, steaming into New York Harbour on completing her maiden voyage from Gdynia. The vessel, which is driven by Diesel engines and has a speed of twenty knots, was built in the Monfalcone shipyards in Italy and was paid for in Polish coal instead of money—a transaction that is probably without precedent. A sister ship was launched recently and will go into service next year

# ACHILL

## One of Ireland's Remote and Beautiful Western Isles

LEAVING FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS: Achill islanders putting out to sea in their frail type of craft which is known as a curragh and is made of wickerwork covered with tarred canvas. It is so light that one man can carry it down to the beach, and as it has no keel it can be landed with little difficulty on even the most rocky shore

THE PIPE OF PEACE AND CONTENTMENT: One of the few islanders who would consent to be photographed. Most of them are very shy of the camera

A VERITABLE BEAST OF BURDEN: A peat gatherer riding out to one of the bogs to bring home a load of fuel. Donkeys with panniers still provide the principal mode of transport on the island, largely because the people are so poor

THE END OF A DAY OF TOIL

Fishermen carrying their nets and other gear up the stony foreshore after returning from the fishing grounds

"The ancient lure of islands of the West" has attracted many folk who harbour the myths of the magic isle of "Hy Brysail" and of Atlantis, the lost continent, which is said to have once been united to Europe, and to have sunk, ages ago, beneath Atlantic waters.

Certainly, Ireland's Western islands have the glamour of extraordinary charm and mystery, and especially the Isle of Achill, which lies off the coast of Co. Mayo.

Those who visit Achill are struck with its remoteness, its keen air, and the lovely spaces and rugged beauty which give it a rare enchantment. This island—eighteen miles long by ten miles wide—is the most westerly fragment of our continent, lying between the bays of Clew and Blacksod, and now joined to the mainland by a bridge which spans Achill Sound.

On entering Achill, its fascination is soon realised, and some lines by William Watson come to mind:—

"In stainless daylight see the pure seas roll,
See mountains pillaring the perfect sky."

Deep purple shadows rest upon the mountains, stretches of velvet-brown

A COTTAGE IN MAYO: A typical dwelling on the mainland not far from Achill, showing how the sharply-pointed gable found in many parts of Western Ireland here gives place to a more rounded, graceful line

turf-bogs lead to little lonely lakes and golden strands, and the Atlantic breezes bring delicious wafts of fragrant peat-smoke from clustered communities of thatched cottages.

Achill's highest peaks are Croghaun on the west side, and Slievemore on the north, and from their heather-clad heights you may look down over 2,000 ft. of sheer cliff to the sea below. The famous Captain Boycott's house still stands near the base of Croghaun, and in the shelter of Slievemore nestles the village of Dugort, once a Protestant colony, and possessing comfortable hotels, the Slievemore Hotel and the Valley being the best. Here there is a fine bathing strand, where the nymphs of classic days might still bathe in seclusion, unmolested by the prying camera.

A little north of Dugort are caverns tunnelled by the thundering waves, and their sides gleam with iridescent colours. These caves penetrate so far into the mountain that the boldest explorer has never reached their extremities.

Other villages are Keem and Keel where a vast strand extends to the famous Minaun—or "Cathedral" cliffs, hollowed by the wind into shapes resembling cloistered aisles.

The island has many wild flowers, "London Pride" inappropriately blooming in lonely humility, hedges of fuchsias, and maidenhair and Osmunda ferns growing in rich profusion.

But though Nature may smile in Achill its inhabitants cannot be envied, for the soil is poor and the crops scanty, and it is only by voyaging every year to work in the English harvest that these impoverished people can keep the wolf from the door. They also support themselves by fishing from their curious rounded boats called "curraghs," and made of wickerwork covered with tarred canvas. Each rower wields a pair of sculls, and as the boats have no keels and are not heavy, they can be easily landed on the most difficult shores, though they are cruelly driven before the gale in a storm-swept sea.

The Achill islanders are a simple, Irish-speaking people, intensely superstitious, and easily angered, but so hospitable that few of the cottagers will accept tips for their services to travellers. Theirs is a strange ancestry, for it was to this western brink of Europe that in past ages the weaker races were gradually driven. Unmolested—save by a Norman invasion in 1170—and remote from civilisation, they have lived here in such a primitive way that even in Queen Elizabeth's time they would row out to barter fish with passing ships, as destitute of clothing as our first parents in Eden.

Nowadays, however, the women have become true daughters of Eve, and display bright scarlet petticoats of Galway frieze with picturesque result.

Mina Lenox-Conyngham

*Pictures by Constance Daly (August, 1935)*

"... AND SITTING WELL IN ORDER SMITE THE SOUNDING FURROWS": A four-oared boat of a much sturdier type than the curragh, and which is also used by the islanders to a large extent. Many of the people are both fishermen and agriculturists, and between these two exacting occupations these simple folk just manage to maintain themselves and their families

Bringing home peat over the windswept moors whose remoteness and rugged beauty make such a strong appeal both to the artist and the Nature lover

DONKEYS AT THE FORD

# LYAUTEY GOES HOME

## *The Maker of Modern Morocco and his Mausoleum above the City of Rabat*

## *The French Marshal's Mode of Warfare and the Italian Tactics of To-day*

HIS LAST RESTING PLACE: The design by J. de la Néziere for the marabout mausoleum in Morocco to which the body of Marshal Lyautey is being transferred from Nancy Cathedral. The tomb will bear the inscription: "Here reposes Hubert-Gonzague Lyautey, born and died a Christian, who wished to lie among his Muslim brothers"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

JUST about when you are reading this, and following fifteen months delay, the body of a splendid Frenchman should be in process of translation from the crypt of Nancy Cathedral to a simple Moroccan marabout sanctuary, in a wood of olive trees and mimosas of the dead man's own planting, high above the city of Rabat and the distant Atlantic.

The marabout mausoleum will have the green roof of Islam, but the tomb will bear the inscription:

> Here reposes Hubert-Gonzague Lyautey, born and died a Christian, who wished to lie among his Muslim brothers.

Lyautey the African, Marshal of France and creator of modern Morocco, wrote that inscription, as he also meticulously worked out the design of his marabout tower with J. de la Nézière, an Orientalist painter he had engaged. The great coloniser and soldier, poet and royalist, had thought a very great deal about where he should be buried in his closing years. He felt deeply that Projection was possible after death. And it was an open secret that he died, if not a disappointed, at any rate an unrealised man in his own estimation. Yes, he had made Morocco, but that was not enough. He felt a greater mission to be his—perhaps it was the revival of the Royal House of his "dear dukes" buried at Dreux—and he felt that in the vortex of French politics he had been frustrated.

In his library at Thorey, in Lorraine, as he reclined in his ultimate days, Lyautey passed five possible tombs in review. Firstly, there was the obvious Invalides, beside his peers and beside the Seine. "It gave Lyautey a horror," one reads. "Besides, Lyautey recognised no peers." Next, the dying marshal dallied with the idea of reposing on the war-consecrated Hill of Sion, in the Vosges, hard-by his own *pays*. A fine place of pilgrimage and observation point for "vigil by the dead." But Barrès already lay there, and nothing could be shared. Then Lyautey thought fleetingly of the Royal Chapel at Dreux; that, it appears, might have won final favour but, alas, was not to be dreamt of. Fourthly, Lyautey imagined that perhaps the best would be beside his sister in the little local cemetery of Thorey. But, as the last days flickered, the old soldier "developed a sort of rebellion against how democracy had treated him—a state of mind in which pride, disgust, anger, humour, and poetry mingled together." He would do the daring and audacious thing to the end: he would flee them all, and the century under which he had suffered; he would lie for ever in a marabout tower out in the Moroccan *bled!*

He knew the difficulties that would be put in the way. He had seen what had been done with other "last wishes"—how Anatole France had been taken from St. Cyr, on the Loire, and buried in a noisy Paris cemetery, in order to make a politician's half-holiday; how Briand-the-Peacemaker had been trundled to the Invalides surrounded by guns and bayonets. Lyautey knew that his political enemies would say that for a Christian to be buried in a shrine of Islam over in Africa would be out of the question. So the fiery spirit, before it was quenched, pulled every powerful wire that he could, to ensure his last wish being executed; he enjoined his nephew, Pierre Lyautey, to see that it should be as he willed; he commissioned the tomb designer and set ample funds aside to meet payment thereof.

Nevertheless, it became a long-drawn-out Foreign Affairs cum Colonial Office wrangle before agreement could be found. Lyautey will not lie out in the open *bled* but at the summit of Chellah Avenue, by the new French Residency, in Rabat. The change is explained by fear of Muslim desecration of an unguarded infidel's tomb. And the marabout will not be formally declared *dabous* or sacred property, as all Muslim marabouts are. Yet it will have the green roof of Islam, if this is to be balanced by a bronze cross on the door.

It may be fitting to think of Lyautey these days, as he goes his last journey, for in his African campaigning he typified the exact opposite of what we are currently witnessing in Ethiopia.

It took the French, by which read Lyautey, full twenty years to "pacify" Morocco, and it is all to the credit of our neighbours that this was so. Only when things reached a crisis against Abd-el-Krim, in 1925, were "western war methods" in part introduced in the shape of aircraft on a limited scale, tankettes and light guns. Nor was it Lyautey who countenanced this, but Marshal Pétain who had been sent out, not to supersede the former but to "co-ordinate the offensive." In point of fact, Lyautey shortly afterwards withdrew. He could not abide even a few air squadrons and light batteries being used against his Moroccans. He had always insisted, almost as an article of faith, that never must weapons be used against natives other than those which natives were in a position to use against you. He reasoned: "Only so will these people respect the victor. Otherwise, only rancour and bitterness, if not contempt, will remain. Natives will never respect whites who kill them with weapons they, the natives, do not themselves possess."

If we except the brief Riff phase, during which the whole French tenure of Morocco was believed to be in danger, due to the influence of Krim after his annihilation of the Spaniards in 1921, his ability to get guns and munitions smuggled from without, and the almost impregnable mountain fastnesses he defended (the French had lost heavily and grave unrest lay in sight at home) . . . only in this critical Riff year did the French resort to "modern weapons."

A PIONEER OF EMPIRE: An impression of Marshal Lyautey, the great French soldier and administrator, when he was Resident Commissary-General in Morocco at the beginning of the Great War. His wise system of government did much to placate the natives and to lay the foundations of the colony's prosperity

Pétain brought out cumbersome 6-inchers and 4-inchers on caterpillars, together with plenty of the famous "75's" and still more "mountain 65's." He had some 200 aeroplanes, mostly for scouting and "cleaning-up," dropping supplies and carrying wounded, but not for wholesale machine-gun and bomb attack on massed natives. He had neither gas- nor flame-throwers (as are now being held in reserve by General de Bono) and his light tanks did not number, in the end, more than 100. And the upshot was that so distasteful did the whole business of "modern weapons" become to the French, that they lost not a day in reverting to previous tactics of peaceful penetration by few troops, yet men intimately versed in African warfare.

It is to this form of "pacification" that we may turn to-day, in thinking of Lyautey.

The first triumph of Lyautey was his getting himself invited into Morocco, in 1907, as the Sultan's Protector (though it may have been Galliéni was at that time chief). This was singularly useful, in that the French could ever after pose as engaging on military operations merely to help the Sultan restore his rule in different directions. In this way, the occupying Power could rely on loyal subjects aiding against the so-called "dissidents." Instead of solidifying the natives against them, the French saw an ever-swelling number on their side, as the restoration of the Sultan's authority spread. The process still goes on, and no doubt someone in Rome dreams of it operating one day, too, in his favour; yet can one see the Negus, can one see Abyssinians, looking to Mussolini as "protector" after what has happened . . . the "glorious" massacring from air and tank?

Lyautey also liked to refer to his dual policy as the *politique des caïds* and the *politique de la tache d'huile*. The first was akin to that so brilliantly executed later by Lawrence, backed by £2,000,000 of British funds. It consists of bribing the chiefs, of winning them over perhaps after a sham battle, or else of sowing strife among them; divide and rule. Yet it required more than mere corruption. It required first-rate tact and patience, and weaving one's way gradually into the caïd's good books. The so-called "spot of oil" policy consisted of meeting the tribes separately and defeating them honestly in true battle with their own weapons, the "oil" of pacification ever spreading, as on a stormy sea. In addition to thereby procuring that the vanquished contemplate the victor as the better man, with less resultant humiliation, Lyautey made it a capital point to defeat the natives with the least possible loss of life to them. In great degree he accomplished this by always having a big corps of doctors on hand, detailed specially to look after the native wounded.

On one memorable occasion the Marshal epitomised this aspect of his colonial policy. He was cornered by the rebel Sakalave tribe and sent through a runner to Galliéni with the message: "If you can send me four more doctors I will send you back four platoons." It was ever the great Frenchman's governing idea to make friends as rapidly as possible with those he conquered—or "pacified." That he succeeded in an extraordinary degree was exemplified by the way in which he held Morocco in the war years with a purely skeleton force; bluff and his own personality, the respect he had gained by playing the game, won him that victory.

If you study what happened in the Riff, it is really quite interesting. The Italians noted how tanks and bombers and guns were not much use there in certain circumstances. In the Riff, the French found no target worthy of the name, no factories, railheads, roads, troops, depots, bridges. The artillery and bombers were something of expensive luxuries after a while; it was reckoned that if every sixth shell or bomb got an enemy, one was lucky (the cost per enemy!) As for the French tanks they could achieve little where they were not supported by a greatly outnumbering infantry. Accordingly, the Italian tanks are being followed closely by infantry in mass formation, while we are told that 800 aeroplanes are for ever bombing and machine-gunning, and big and light guns are as unceasingly thundering.

A far cry from Lyautey the African. One wonders if De Bono the Fascist will ever have a tomb in Ethiopia.

# JUSTICE in ETHIOPIA

## Aspects of the Primitive Legal System Obtaining in the Black Empire

A JUDGE AND HIS ARMED GUARDS

ARRESTING AN ARAB DEALER

A LAWYER PLEADING IN THE OPEN STREET

PRISONERS AWAITING TRIAL IN A COMPOUND

Litigation amounts almost to a ruling passion in Ethiopia and the natives will bring an action on the slightest provocation, enjoying every moment of a dispute or "tshiki-tshik" as they call it. The least important cases are tried in the street, plaintiff and defendant going before a policeman who, after examining the evidence, gives judgment on the spot. There are several grades of court, and the most important of all is known as "shilot"—the court of blood—where the Emperor, or in his absence the Afa Negus, sits on a gilded throne and hears charges of murder or of robbery with violence. The sentences in Abyssinia are often very severe, thieves sometimes being branded on the forehead and notorious liars receiving long terms of imprisonment. The punishments used to be even more harsh, but Haile Selassie has made considerable changes in this direction

# ABYSSINIAN

MEDIEVAL CEREMONIAL IN THE CAPITAL: Uniformed children of the Emperor on the day of "Maskal"—the feast which spite of the fact that Abyssinia was on the verge of war the

A NATIVE OF THE GURAJI TRIBE: A type of Ethiopian noted for his industry and his qualities as a soldier. There are many of them serving in the Emperor's northern armies

GALLA WOMEN: Members of Ethiopia's dominating race. It is probable that they have a certain amount of negro blood as the Gallas of pure stock are seldom known to plait their hair in this fashion. Like all Gallas they are fond of jewellery, bedizening themselves with beads and bangles

A GALLA WARRIOR AND HIS WIFE: Typical members of the gre not finally subdued until the reign of the all-conquering Emper Christianity, others are Muslims, while by far the largest proportion a

# TYPES

taking part in a march past in the presence celebrates the end of the rainy season. In festivities this year were as elaborate as ever

race which invaded Ethiopia in the sixteenth century and was Menelek II. Some of the Gallas have been converted to pagans. They comprise two-thirds of the Emperor's subjects

A PROVINCIAL RULER AND HIS CHILDREN: Ras Imerou, a relative of the Emperor Haile Selassie and the Governor of Godjam, with his two little daughters, both of whom wear European dress

MOTHER AND CHILD: A woman of Addis Ababa and her little boy. *On right*—A warrior and his wife. The latter is carrying the ubiquitous parasol

IN THE HARAR HILL COUNTRY: A circular type of thatched hut in the highlands between the ancient Mussulman city of Harar and Addis Ababa. A picture taken by Colonel H. G. C. Swayne on a journey which he made through British Somaliland and Abyssinia. *(See also* The Sphere *of September 28)*

THE FOREST OF DERRU: Sturdy trees that are a characteristic feature of the country to the south-east of the junction of the Awash river and the Addis Ababa–Djibouti railway. Another camera study made by Colonel Swayne

WOODLANDS AT 8,000 FT.: A scene in the hills not many miles from the River Awash. If the forces from Italian Somaliland make a successful advance into the interior of Abyssinia they will have to fight over terrain such as this, which is ideally suited to the guerilla tactics of the defenders but highly unfavourable to the invaders. The Abyssinians have already shown themselves to be expert snipers, and here they could make the most of their skill

# THE LION of ETHIOPIA

## *The King of Beasts and its Special Significance Among the Natives*

NOW that Abyssinia looms so large in the public eye some of the idiosyncrasies of this ancient people are of particular interest. The lion is to them an emblem of all that is royal and magnificent. Their Lion of Judah corresponds with our lion of the Royal Standard, and of Trafalgar Square. The ancient city of Harrar has two lions, one on each side of the principal gate of the city. In Menelik's day, and probably now, lions were regarded as the perquisite of the Emperor, allied to him by royalty. It was almost an act of *lèse majesté* to think of taking one out of the country. Moreover, the popular idea was that they were worth untold gold in Europe.

AT SIX MONTHS OLD: Abyssinian lion cubs with a canine friend

We were on our way back from a shooting trip in Somaliland and Abyssinia, and amongst our most treasured trophies were three lion cubs which we were hoping to take to England. We had got fond of the little fellows whose mother had met with a regrettable gun accident when they were less than a week old. We had a goat apiece to mother them, and they slept by our bedside. They were by this time about six weeks old.

On arrival at the terminus of the Jibuti Railway, then at Diridawa, we at once received a visit from a dignitary from the Governor's Palace, who came with a numerous following. They were dressed in white jodhpurs and black cloaks, and armed with scimitars in purple plush scabbards. The Dignitary explained that it was an offence to think of taking them out of the country.

So we made up our minds to outwit the local authorities and get the cubs through to the coast with us. We therefore gave out that we were sending them back to Harrar as a present to the British Consul. That night we dispatched three of our Somalis, each with a cub under his blanket, to meet us at the first station down the line. At the station next morning we were seen off by a numerous gathering from the Palace who squinted at every piece of baggage to see if we might not be smuggling the lion cubs. At length their curiosity was satisfied and the train was allowed to start for the coast. We had a few anxious moments wondering if our Somalis were all right, as the natives in those parts—the Issa Somalis—have a bad reputation—so we were greatly relieved when the train drew up at the shed which served as station to see our three men bounding along and jumping up into the carriage. The cubs had been used to a liberal diet, each one having its own goat mother, so we were glad when we were able on arrival at Jibuti to fit them out again with a mother apiece, as naturally during their night in the bush and their day in the train, they had to put up with tinned milk.

The way we acquired these cubs is of some interest. A boy from a Somali encampment came in with the news that a lioness had paid a visit the night before and had taken a cow. We were implored to go out and kill the lioness.

Tracking is a difficult and slow job as the ground is like iron and the only marks a lioness leaves are faint scratches in the dust. After some hours following an almost invisible spoor, we came to a place which was obviously much used by lions. Bones and bits of carcase were lying about, whilst vultures and kites sat around gorged. The bush was fairly open, and consisted of mimosa with thorns several inches long and very sharp. There was a dry river bed traversing the bush with steep sides, some 12 ft. deep. Expectation ran high and we knew we must be near, when with a "woof" a tawny shape slithered between the bushes. A snap shot was all that was possible. An examination showed blood here and there, but the tracks showed the animal had gone off at a strong gallop. At this point the sun went down.

The following day I set out early taking my Somali gun-bearer, and several Somali trackers with me. We found fresh tracks near the same spot showing that the lioness had been back again. From about seven till five in the afternoon we followed that lioness, losing her track completely for hours at a time, and then by luck or by the skill of the Somali trackers picking it up again. One very interesting incident was the excited calling of a honey bird. This bird has the useful habit of leading the way to bees' nests, with the idea, presumably, of getting a human being to make accessible the honey it cannot get for itself. I had often heard it said that they also lead to lion, rhino, or other big beasts. We were so nearly despairing of finding the lioness, that just for fun we followed the bird which took us straight out of the valley we were in, across some open hills and into another valley.

We finally located the lioness in a dry river bed, and a shot at fairly close range ended her career.

I was distressed when I discovered that she was full of milk, so the first thing next day, we made for the place where I had originally found her and soon discovered the cubs. They must have been about three days old, and were on a flat ledge of sandstone overshadowed by a thick bush. The poor little things were famished, and crawled towards us under the impression we were the mother. They seemed quite content to come with us and we soon had them sucking greedily at goats. They had a goat apiece for some six weeks, so they were well done. The cubs had their eyes open and were covered with leopard-like markings. The goats became very much attached to them, but the cubs had to be held as otherwise they evinced a very natural preference for holding on with their claws. They were perfectly docile for years and the subsequent owner, Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, used to brush them every day and taught them to sit at table to feed.

THE ORPHAN: A lion cub two months old taking milk from its foster mother, an Abyssinian goat

F. Russell Roberts

# Life in Two Cities of the Orient

THE CHANGING FACE OF TOKYO: New hotels and blocks of offices dominating the scene in the Marunouchi business quarter which has been entirely rebuilt since the disastrous earthquake of 1923. The buildings appear to be almost wholly occidental in design; evidently the traditional architecture of Japan has found little favour in this commercial district. Indeed it is almost impossible to tell from a photograph that this is an Eastern city

SINGAPORE CAMEOS: *Left*—A vendor of sun-dried pigskin, which is regarded as a great delicacy by the Chinese population. *Right*—A professional reader who, in return for a small fee from each listener, gives his audience of illiterates all the news in the local papers. He is said to make quite a good living

DUNLOP FORT 90
DUNLOP FORT 90
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# With CAMERA and GUN in KENYA

THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED: Two bull elephants brought down in the long buffalo grass during a six-day safari in the vast plainland to the north of Kenya Mountain. A description of how these prizes were obtained is given in the accompanying notes by one of the members of the party

on a housetop, striving to pick up a vestige of our wind; two huge pairs of ears opened like umbrellas and strained for the slightest sound.

The third bull made off at a fast shambling pace towards the forest, but exposed his flank for a second or two to our hunter friend who placed two perfect shots into his kidneys and brought him down.

The echo of these last two shots from the forest (now only 200 yards away) persuaded the other two elephants that the danger lay ahead of them. They quickly turned towards us. I dropped one at about 20 yards and one of my colleagues bagged the fourth with another good heart shot.

All four had fallen within 50 yards of one another. It was a thrilling few minutes and a novel experience, so we spent some time trampling down the grass to obtain the accompanying photographs of our prizes.

IN THE BUFFALO GRASS: The three white members of the party and their native gun-bearers

WE were blessed with a great stroke of luck when we found ourselves in Kenya at a time when the elephant had done much damage to the native "shambas" (cultivated plots) in the Meru area. Governor's permits to hunt elephant were obtainable, and these allowed us to shoot what elephant we liked, at practically no cost.

The Meru country is undulating. It comprises a vast plainland, copiously interspersed with belts of thick forest. At that time (August) it is covered with "buffalo" grass averaging perhaps 10 ft. high, and for the most part so dense that one can see nothing even at arm's length.

When nearing the quarry we moved in bounds, continually standing on one another's shoulders to check directions, and testing the wind with little muslin bags of ashes.

A huge head loomed up over the grass 25 yards ahead. A movement of the elephant brought the line of his shoulder in view, for here the grass was less dense. My companion took a heart shot and brought down a fair-sized bull. Then things happened quickly.

Two of the remaining three stood for an instant uncertain from where the shot had come. Their great trunks curled upwards, like cowls

A GIANT BAG: These four elephants fell within 50 yards of one another; the first being shot through the heart the moment it came into view, the second being brought down as it exposed its flank when beating a hasty retreat towards the forest, and the third and fourth being accounted for as they charged in the direction of the guns. In order to take this picture the marksmen had to trample down the ten-ft. high buffalo grass which is such a characteristic feature of this region

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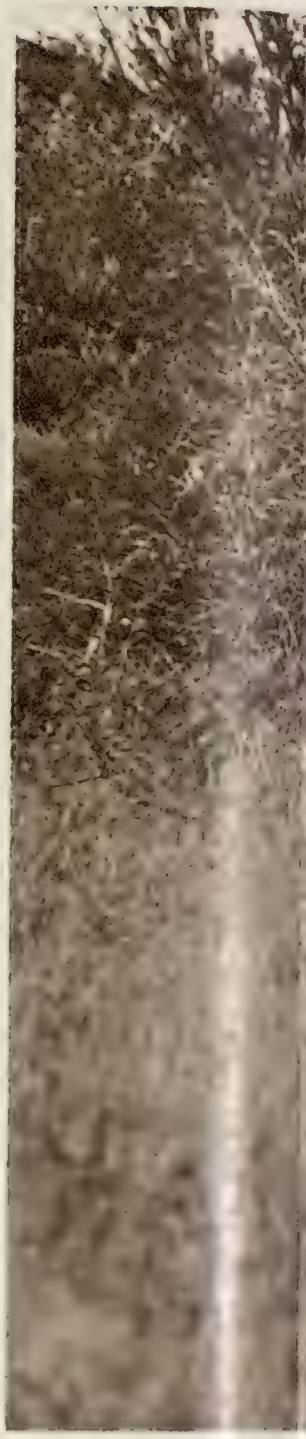
# A SAFARI IN NORTHERN TANGANYIKA

*Taking Pictures of Lion from a Lorry on the Serengetti Plains*

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS: A fine study of a lion taken during a recent journey made by Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon-Lennox and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moore across the Serengetti Plains of Tanganyika, which lie about 100 miles south-east of Musoma on Lake Victoria

One member of the party in describing the safari writes as follows: "In that district the country is covered with thorn and fever trees, wild sisal and variegated grasses; it is fairly flat, and, during most of the year, very dry. One can motor for several hundred miles in any direction, and though there are one or two tracks, one is normally travelling over rough, though open, ground. There are several methods of photographing lion, but, if the nature of the country will allow, as it does on the Serengetti, the quickest and most satisfactory way, for those whose time is limited, is to do it from a lorry or car. It is very strange how little notice wild animals take of motors, in spite of the "wind" of their occupants which they must inevitably get. One can approach, sometimes, to within 10 yards. To obtain photographs the party pack into the bottom of an open lorry, taking with them two gun boys (with rifles), field glasses, and photographic paraphernalia. At a slow pace the lorry cruises over the plains until a "simba" is viewed. This spotting is invariably accomplished by the gun boys whose quickness of sight is beyond belief. Having picked up one or more heads one can

*(Continued on p. 100)*



A shy lioness that refused to face the camera. On the approach of the lorry she took one look and then disappeared into the impenetrable bush beyond

PARTING GLANCE

THE CHEERFUL POACHERS: Four Masai warriors whom Mr. Gordon-Lennox and his party met between Benagi and Mbalgetti when they continued their journey through Tanganyika after leaving the Serengetti Plains. No hunting by natives is allowed in this part of East Africa, but the territory is so vast that it is extremely difficult to enforce the law with any degree of rigidity

*On left*—SUNSET OVER AFRICA: A delightful camera study of typical big-game hunting country in Tanganyika

A GOATHERD OF ISIOLO: His goats are his only earthly possessions, but they are of the greatest value as they are in constant demand among the Kikuyu tribesmen of Tanganyika for sacrifices, purification ceremonies, and feasts. When he decides to marry some of the animals will be handed over to his father-in-law as the purchase price of a bride

A CAMP NEAR THE MBALGETTI RIVER: Where Mr. Gordon-Lennox and his party made a halt during their safari. The palm trees, which are usually found near water-holes and running water, are somewhat incongruous landmarks in the middle of miles of country covered with squat thorn bush

# A Safari in Northern Tanganyika

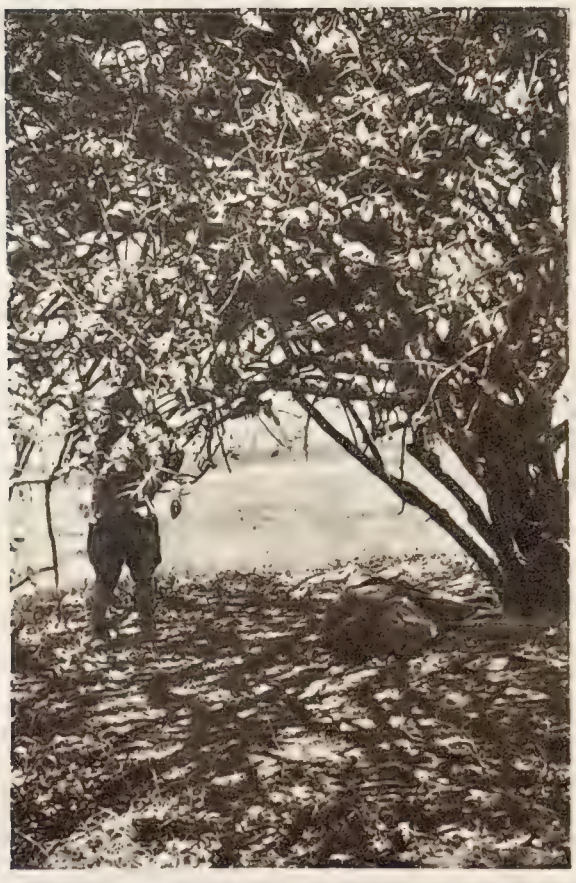
*(Continued from page 98)*

either tempt the lion by procuring a kill and presenting it to him as a *bonne bouche*, or one can approach him (forthwith) without a kill. The deciding factors are generally the place where the lions are lying, the time of day, and the nature of photograph required. In the first case the kill is dragged behind the lorry on a rope. The lorry then approaches, in ever-decreasing circles, to within, say, 25 yards. Here the kill is slipped. If one is lucky one's lions find such easy meat irresistible. They rise majestically, start to nose the dead animal, and then tear it apart.

If no kill is used one often has to rely on the 'sitter's' vanity to obtain standing and moving photographs, and more often laziness overcomes vanity and the photographer has to be content with a still life. When within sight of lion no one in the lorry must either talk or stand up, as either is likely to be disastrous to success. Once within close photographic distance—say 10–20 yards—the engine of the lorry is switched off to stop vibration, and the lions do the rest."

LEO REX

A camera study taken from a lorry at a distance of 15 yards



SCAVENGERS OF THE AFRICAN PLAINS: *Left*—This lion was shot beneath a thorn tree, and, after having been dragged into the open, was immediately skinned. As usual, an ever-watchful vulture had noted this performance, and within a few minutes a raucous, squabbling mass of birds of prey had descended on the carcass in pleasurable anticipation of a feast. A quarter of an hour later the marksman returned to the scene in his car and saw the disgusting spectacle depicted above. Of the lion, there remained little more than a bare skeleton, and several hyenas and jackals slunk round the outskirts of the seething feathered mass ready to take any pickings that might by chance be left

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# North and South of the Border

A HELPING HAND: When they ascend the stream to spawn in the autumn, salmon and trout frequently experience considerable difficulty in scaling the falls at Walkerburn, Peebleshire, so a man is in attendance with a net to catch them as they leap through the spray and deposit them in the calm waters above. Last year over two thousand fish were assisted in this way

THE "FIDDLE GRASS SOWER": This instrument is said to produce a vastly superior result to the old-time method of scattering seed by hand, as the distribution is much more even. It is being employed at Perth's new municipal aerodrome at Newlands, where the ground is being prepared for aircraft

A NEW SEAMARK ON THE SCOTTISH COAST: These enormous whale jaw-bones from the Antarctic have been presented to the town of North Berwick, and when this picture was taken were being erected at the summit of North Berwick Law, where they now stand up boldly against the skyline. The bones, which weigh over a ton and are 24 ft. in length, were brought up the hill by a team of horses, a task that took six days, and are embedded in 5-ft. foundations

PLYMOUTH'S LATEST SWIMMING POOL: The scene at Tinside Lido as Lieut.-Commander E. W. Rogers opened the new bathing place, which is situated just beneath the Hoe

A MISHAP AT BINHAM ABBEY: While employees of the Office of Works were excavating among these Benedictine monastic remains in Norfolk, one of the main pillars collapsed and several workmen had narrow escapes. These two pictures were taken shortly after the accident, and reveal the extent of the havoc

*William Davis*

THE MAN WITH THE MATTOCK: This highly-paid class of workman carries out the most dangerous tasks in connection with house-breaking. Some of them are inclined to parade their prowess a little unwisely

# The Gentle Art of House-Breaking

## *How it is Done and what it Costs*

By CHARLES GRAVES

I FORGET who it was who first said that everything which goes up has to come down, but it is just as true of houses, evidently, as it is of aeroplanes, to which the phrase originally applied. One is always reading articles about the building of palatial blocks of flats—I have been the culprit on various occasions as the writer of them, but I have never seen one about housebreaking. And yet something like ninety-five premises are pulled down every day in Greater London alone, and the rate is increasing. Nowadays half-a-dozen houses have to be pulled down before a single one of the new type of buildings is put up. How is it done? And what does it cost?

Some people have the idea that the person whose house is being pulled down is paid for its demolition by the contractor. This only happens once in a hundred times in actual fact. It only occurs when there is a great deal of lead in the roof. Lead is the chief asset of a house. It is still worth £15 a ton, although not so long ago it was worth over £40.

Let us take an imaginary house which cost £5,000 to build a hundred years ago in the West End of London, with four storeys, a frontage of 30 ft., and sixteen rooms; and then we see what it will cost us if we have it pulled down. If it has lead in the roof (which it probably has not) it will contain about three tons of the metal, worth, therefore, £45. We now come to the brickwork. There are 400 bricks in every cubic yard, but you will be lucky if one in every seven remains sound enough afterwards to have cleaned and be used again in the foundations of some other building. In our imaginary house of four storeys high and with a frontage of 30 ft. there will be 500 cubic yards of brick. That gives us about 30,000 sound bricks. The market value of these is at the rate of 25s. per 1,000, but only one-seventh of them, as we have seen, have any value. We thus reach a figure of about £33 as another asset of the house.

Your fireplaces may or may not have a value as good period antiques. If they have, they may be worth £40 or £50. Let us allow ourselves £90 worth—providing we can find a market for them. It is possible that our house has good oak floors. Other kinds of flooring, even including parquet, according to my authority who is the greatest expert in the business, have no value. Oak floors, however, are worth £2 per square. A square is 100 square ft. so our house will be another £96 ahead of the game. Staircases are valueless except in rare cases where they are of antique marble or special wrought iron. So we will count them out. As it is, we have been exceedingly optimistic in reaching a total of £264.

Now let us look at the other side of the ledger. It will take twenty men earning an average of £4 a week at least three weeks to pull the house down. That at once gives us a figure of £240 in wages. To this we must add another £24, which is the premium of £10 per cent. of the wages which has to be paid by the demolition firm in respect of workmen's compensation and third-party risks. The removal of the bricks and other rubble costs a flat rate of 2s. 6d. a cubic yard. So we must add another £60 to the debit side. Allowing further for the fact that our house is between two others, it will probably cost £200 to shore up the adjoining buildings. (Often a contract will show that the cost of the shoring is greater than the demolition.)

Well, there we are. The cost of pulling down our house is going to be £260.

What about the timber, you may ask? The answer is that it is valueless. And what about our fine mahogany doors? The answer is that this particular contractor has over 2,000 of them in one of his warehouses, some of them of the finest mahogany, and at an average he would be glad to sell the lot for 7s. 6d. apiece: and he knows what he is talking about. At the present moment his firm is pulling down the Geological Museum in Piccadilly, numbers 14 and 15 Grosvenor Square, as well as 20 and 21 Portland Place, and 295 Regent Street.

Having given me all these figures, he went on "You must explain that this is an imaginary job. So much depends in the way of extra costs on the accessibility of the building in question and the amount of shoring which is necessary. Whereas a builder knows almost exactly before he starts what a job is going to cost him, the house-breaker has nothing to go upon. Old houses vary so much in their construction. Where possible, of course, we get the original plans of the building, but they are seldom available. If we can secure them they are useful in telling us how much material is to come away. This business of assessing the assets of a house that is to be pulled down is the most ticklish and important in the whole job."

THE LAST PHASE: A house in Onslow Crescent, South Kensington, being demolished to allow of road improvements. Mr. Graves points out in his article how the value of the bricks, floors, fireplaces, staircases, etc., is usually far outweighed by the cost of taking down a building

Having decided on the cost of the demolition, having sent his tender, and having secured the contract, there are many other things to consider. He will already have allowed for the fact that if the building is in the City of London lorries are not allowed to load up after 10 a.m. If it is in other boroughs he will know already the by-law governing this aspect of the work. He will also have to arrange where to dump the rubble. He will need cranes, pneumatic drills, compressors, and a fleet of lorries, not to mention his platoon of mattock men and cleaners. He has one great advantage. Both types of men refuse utterly to have anything to do with trades unions. All they want is to be allowed to work ten-and-a-half hours a day from Monday to Friday, beginning at 6.30 a.m. and knocking off at 6 p.m., and a half-day on Saturdays, for which the mattock men receive 1s. 5d. an hour and the cleaners 1s. 3d. an hour. The former are those who do the actual demolition, climbing gaily up to the roof-tops, removing first of all the chimney-pots and then the leads or slates, after which they take out the floors and lever inwards the very walls on which they are standing. The cleaners are those who work on the ground-level loading the rubble on to the lorries. Both classes of men come of families which have specialised in this work for generations. They are rough but excellent fellows, and though they may drink pints and pints of beer after hours, they remain absolutely teetotal during the day.

The mattock men are very vain. Nine-tenths of the accidents that occur to them are due to vanity. They will stand on an overhanging cornice and show off in every possible way to the crowds below. That is, they used to do so. For now, realising that this desire to "swank" in front of the groundlings causes such a high percentage of fatalities, the demolition firms now insist on all the dangerous work being done very early in the morning before the streets are crowded. Even then, this desire to show off in front of the early city workers hurrying to their offices still keeps the premium payable to the insurance companies at the high figure of £10 per cent. which I have already given.

The life of a firm of house-breakers is not altogether happy. Contract after contract will have a penalty clause of as much as £100 a week if the job is not terminated at the agreed date. Householders and hotels will bring injunctions to restrain the noise essential to demolition work. Bad weather will frequently intervene. All the same they cannot complain. The new L.C.C. housing scheme is providing an immense amount of work, particularly to the smaller men in the business, which is in consequence flourishing as it has never done before. But comfortable though they are at present, the more intelligent men in the business are already viewing with alarm the jobs they will have to undertake in twenty or thirty years' time when reinforced concrete will have to be demolished. Even now, the removal of steel frames by acetylene burning is a very serious consideration in any contract.

A FAMOUS SITE: Construction work in progress following the demolition of the old Geological Museum in Piccadilly. Note how the neighbouring buildings are shored up—a proceeding that involves the house-breaker in considerable expense

AMERICA-BOUND: Margaret Rawlings, the clever young actress who has been making such a name for herself on the London stage, pictured as she left Waterloo on a United States boat train a few days ago. Standing on the right is her husband, who came to see her off

IN DOUBLE HARNESS! Owen Nares and his son Geoffrey, who are to appear together in a new comedy, *Call It a Day*, which is now being rehearsed and which is to be produced at the Globe Theatre towards the end of this month

MRS. BAYARD VEILLER, the author of that successful play, *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, which is nearing its one hundredth performance at the St. Martin's Theatre. Her husband, who is even better known as a playwright, wrote *The Trial of Mary Dugan*

GETTING INTO TRIM: Cecilia Colledge, the British figure-skating champion, rehearsing at the Westminster Ice Club, Millbank, for the opening gala of the season. She is now second in world-ranking to the brilliant Sonja Henie, the present title holder, and is reported to be better than ever this year

THE HILLBILLIES: Cowboy singers who are a great attraction in the grill room and restaurant entertainment at the Piccadilly Hotel

# SOME ENTERTAINING PEOPLE

*A Page of Personalities*

D'OYLY CARTE ON TOUR: Leslie Rands practising putting on the Sand Moor course at Leeds while watched by fellow-members of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan Company

MASTER TIMOTHY WAGG: An attractive study of the son of Mrs. Kenneth Wagg at Mr. Norman Parkinson's exhibition of photography

TYROL ON PARADE: Carl Schwarz (*left*) and members of the chorus (*right*) in the new cabaret at Grosvenor House which, possibly as a result of the Prince of Wales's visit to Middle Europe, has been proving a tremendous success. Earlier in the month they gave an entertaining broadcast in the "In Town To-Night" feature at the B.B.C.

"WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY"—By RICHARD WYNDHAM: One of the many delightful canvases in the Exhibition of Paintings of Country Seats and Manor Houses by Contemporary Artists now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Wilton House, which is the property of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, was built by Inigo Jones in the middle of the seventeenth century and contains many treasures, including pictures by Sir Anthony Van Dyck, furniture by William Kent, and wood carvings by Grinling Gibbons. The Palladian Bridge, spanning the River Nadder which flows through the park, is the work of an unknown local architect and is said to have been erected about the year 1750

COUNTRY SEATS IN BERKSHIRE AND YORKSHIRE: Two more exhibits at the Leicester Galleries. *Left*—Allan Walton's impression of the Earl of Craven's house at Ashdown Park, which was built by one of the present owner's ancestors at the time of the Restoration, and is believed to have been inspired by the architectural ideas of Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia. *Right*—John Cooper's study of Harewood House, the home of the Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal. The foundations were laid in 1759 and the building was not finally completed until twelve years later. The architects were Robert Adam and John Carr, of York; the former being solely responsible for the interior decoration and the latter being concerned with the outside construction. Carr had a great reputation in his day

"BARHAM COURT, TESTON, KENT"—By C. R. W. NEVINSON: During the early part of the nineteenth century this mansion was the favourite resort of the statesman and philanthropist, William Wilberforce and of Mrs. Hannah More the authoress. It now belongs to Colonel Sir Charles Warde, Bart.

The exhibition of pictures of country seats at the Leicester Galleries is of particular interest in that the various contemporary artists who have contributed to it were each set a definite task by the organisers who, some two years ago, first conceived the idea of holding such a display. About sixty pictures are included in the exhibition, and among those who have submitted works are Winston Churchill, C. R. W. Nevinson, Rex Whistler, Charles Cundall, John Cooper, Sine Mackinnon, and Cedric Morris

# Problems of Air Defence

*How the Improving Performance of Bombing 'Planes has Resulted in the Development of More Up-to-Date Methods of Locating Their Advance*

By C. D. PALMER

THE Heyford night bombers with which R.A.F. bombing squadrons have recently been equipped, were used in the Air Defence exercises for the first time this year. They have raised a new set of problems for the Home Defence Organisation as a direct result of their greatly increased speed and their ability to operate at much greater heights as compared with the old Virginia bombers which have been in service for about ten years. With the advent of the 200 m.p.h. bombing machines now under development these problems will become more and more difficult of solution.

The success of any system of defence by aircraft must depend on the ability of the defenders to make early contact with the enemy. In the past defending machines remained on the ground until information reached them from the Observer Corps that an enemy was approaching. They then took the air to attack him and drive him off. This method was quite satisfactory as long as heavy bombing machines remained comparatively slow. But already the bombing machines in service are so fast that the warning is often insufficient and the policy of interception from the ground after warning is received is now out of date. The result is that to have a reasonable hope of meeting and driving off the enemy before he can reach his objective patrols of fighters must be kept continually in the air screening probable targets, and receiving by wireless information as to the enemy's movements obtained from the Observer Corps. In the recent exercises bombers were sometimes engaged by fighters above 19,000 ft. and with increasing performance of the bombers the depth of air to be watched by the defending fighters is continually increasing.

Successful air defence requires close co-operation between the defence in the air and the defence on the ground. The defence in the air includes, in addition to the fighting aeroplanes, such obstacles as balloon barrages which were used with good effect in the war and would probably be used again. On the ground are the sound rangers, searchlights, and anti-aircraft guns. The high speed of modern bombers has produced for these too a new array of problems.

As was shown at the Air Defence exercises at Portsmouth relatively thin mist was sufficient to mask the searchlights, but even when the weather was clear they often failed to pick up the Heyford bombers which flew a good deal higher and faster than the ten-year-old Virginias. Even after the machines had fired light signals to show that they had dropped their bombs the searchlights sometimes failed to find them.

It used often to be possible to lay a searchlight on an aeroplane from the bearing given by the sound locator. Inability to do this in this year's exercises was probably due to the speed and height of the attacking machines. Sound travels in air at about 1,080 ft. per second so that at considerable heights the sound of an aeroplane engine takes several seconds to reach a sound locator. For example the sound of an aeroplane flying at 10,000 ft. will take over 9 seconds to reach the ground. If the machine is flying at 150 m.p.h. it will travel more than 675 yards while the noise of its engine is passing through the air to the sound locator. Thus a bearing given to a searchlight by the sound locator is less likely to enable it to pick up a bomber at once than in the days of the slower machines, and this difficulty will increase as bombing machines become faster and fly higher.

The improving performance of bombing aircraft appears to point to the development of a new technique in anti-aircraft defence, and a new means of detecting aircraft by employing infra-red rays may be brought into use. Infra-red rays have already had a variety of uses including the protection of valuables against theft. Their application as detectors of aircraft is a new departure, and an apparatus in which they are used in this way has been demonstrated to the Air Ministry and War Office.

With this apparatus aircraft have been located at great distances through fog and cloud. It is, as it were, an invisible searchlight of infra-red rays which records the passage of an aeroplane across its beam. By amplifying the impulses produced either visual or sound signals can be given. Two of these electric eyes coupled together can be arranged to record the height and distance of an aeroplane.

The apparatus acts instantaneously and so abolishes the time lag due to the passage of sound through the air from the aeroplane to the sound locator. It may be coupled up to an anti-aircraft gun so that the gun is fired immediately an aeroplane crosses the beam.

Reasonably accurate fire against aeroplanes hidden by clouds and mist seems likely to be one result of the use of the infra-red ray detector. The invention seems to have a number of applications, but its development in connection with anti-aircraft defence seems a definite need indicated by experience with the searchlights in this year's exercises.

The particular apparatus which has been submitted to the Air Ministry and War Office may not have reached such a state of perfection as to suggest that it is an essential piece of equipment for anti-aircraft defence. It does indicate, however, a line of development towards a new technique and its production at this time seems to show that no poison is without its antidote, and that in air war improved powers of offence from the air can be countered by invention on the ground.

# MAINLY for MOTORISTS

*Peter Clark*

If you are going to be out all day long a comfortable hat is the greatest possible boon, for nothing is more tiring than one that is heavy or awkward. Here is one from Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W. Of the finest quality reversible velour, in a wide range of fittings, it costs 35s., will roll up into a tiny space, and is as light as a feather. They also have excellent tweed coats, splendidly tailored, from six guineas

*On Left*—Even if you always drive in a closed car you'll need to wear something very warm and soft. Here is a Shetland cardigan, knitted with a wide rib, and with the sleeve and shoulder yoke made in one. It costs 59s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., where the bouclé fez is 17s. 6d.

*On Right*—A special range of Banff tweeds, made in Scotland, are being used by Bernard Weatherill, of 55, Conduit Street, W. The costume shown here is in blue overchecked in red, and an unusual note is struck by the inset belt and stitched pockets. The slender skirt has a front and back panel with a pleat at each side

TED'S COFFEE STALL: The setting for Richard Carruthers' new play, *Closing at Sunrise*, which recently began its run at the Royalty and has had quite a good reception. Writing of the author, Philip Page, "The Sphere's" critic, says: "He does not lack ideas or the ingenuity to put them into dramatic form. What he has failed to do here is to give connected interest to a somewhat melodramatic story"

# DRAMA

*Reviewed by*

## PHILIP PAGE

THE long long trail which leads from their Fatherland to London continues to be a-winding for German actresses who, so to speak, do not see eye to eye with Herr Hitler.

The latest arrival is Miss Grete Mosheim, who trails, I think, some considerable way behind Miss Mannheim and Miss Bergner, but who knows her job and is competent enough in her way. For two reasons she has my sympathy. One is that she had to wrestle so heroically with the sheer task of speaking English (frequently she gave me the illusion not so much of having a Teutonic accent as of actually speaking German, with an English word or two breaking through) that her linguistic efforts necessarily drew attention from her histrionic efforts. Another is that the play, *Two Share a Dwelling*, in which she appeared at the St. James's Theatre did not begin to be a play at all until well through the second act, and even then did not begin to be a good one.

Yet both these disadvantages Miss Mosheim might have avoided. She could have deferred her London début until she had increased her familiarity with English, or with the accents in which English is spoken. I cannot, by the way, call to mind the case of any English actress struggling through a leading part in a Berlin theatre in pidgin German—or, for that matter, appearing at the moment in any part in any German theatre at any stage of linguistic efficiency.

Also she could have chosen a better play than this. Miss Alice Campbell, who wrote it, explains in a programme note — programme notes are fashionable just now—that "nothing here portrayed lacks its parallel in actual life; that such authorities as William James, Boris Sidis, and the individual psychologist Adler furnish us with real instances as striking as the one she has chosen. . . ." I do not doubt that this is so. One could also search through the volumes of Havelock Ellis and find cases of sexual perversion and other semi-mentionable oddities. But they would not necessarily make good plays, even given the essential permission to present them.

In short, there is no need for Miss Campbell to explain or to apologise for the unfamiliarity of her theme. This is that a dual personality may exist in a single individual. Since one of the most famous stories in the world's fiction, the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, is to all intents and purposes identical, I would not admit that the theme is unfamiliar. So the programme portion of the cackle might have been cut, short as it is.

Much longer is the play's cackle. We do not come to the 'osses until after a whole very dull act and part of a dullish one. And then they amble along slowly, though Miss Mosheim then does her best to ginger them up by giving a full-blooded performace of a prostitute gasping and gurgling and smashing china and gloating over pornographic literature. That the last sort of literature a prostitute would read in her hours off duty would be pornographic literature, (which would surely savour too much of "shop") is a point that need not here be stressed. For this was no ordinary prostitute. The other half of her was Lady Paige, the singularly unemotional and even virginal wife of a decent young baronet who adored her. In her scarlet capacity she stabbed him with a pair of scissors, while in her capacity as a wife she refused him what, I believe, is legally and technically known as "access." And so the poor fellow got the worst of both worlds, the *monde* as well as the *demi-monde*. The curtain fell on them clasped in each other's arms (the baronet did not die) mumbling something about a cure sometime in the future. How, or why, we are not told; a nerve-specialist, who, in the person of Mr. Ivan Samson, wandered politely through the play, was scarcely informative.

Mr. Wyndham Goldie, as the husband, had little to do except adore, be puzzled, and be stabbed; he did all three with grace but seemed, as they say of people no less unfortunate, to feel his position acutely. Mr. Henry Hewitt contributed the few bright moments as a blackmailer, with a suitably offensive way of smoking a cigarette. Miss Margaret Withers played—quite rightly—the lady's-maid Who Knew All as if she had stepped out of the pages of Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon. "Did my lady enjoy her walk?" she asked, referring to one of Lady Paige's little bouts of street-walking. The audience had by that time become so pathologically-minded that this did not raise even a titter.

STARRING AT SADLER'S WELLS: Pearl Argyle as she appears in "Façade"—a new item which has recently been added to the repertoire of the Vic-Wells Ballet

I should add that the two, Sir Randal and Lady Paige shared a dwelling in Mount Street, W.1, which was extremely luxurious. Handy, too, for Piccadilly.

**British Opera at Sadler's Wells.**—The management of Sadler's Wells deserve more encouragement for their policy of sometimes giving us British opera (as distinct from opera in English) than they received on the occasion of their revival the other night of Sir Charles Stanford's *The Travelling Companion*. I found this an entirely delightful work, tuneful without being cheap, musicianly without being academic, and never for an instant tedious. Mr. Sumner Austin's production had everything to recommend it, and the singing of Miss Joan Cross, Mr. Henry Wendon, and Mr. Arthur Cranmer was as near perfection as can be.

The audience obviously enjoyed themselves, but in number they were pitifully few. The British operas that can be thus enjoyed may also be pitifully few. But in the list of those which can challenge comparison anywhere are this one and the same composer's *The Critic*, Dr. Vaughan Williams's *Hugh the Drover*, Dr. Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate*, Rutland Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*, and of course Delius's exquisite *Koanga*.

**"A Midsummer Night's Dream."**—"Let us clear our minds of cant" said a very great person, though not while considering the question of filming Shakespeare. Yet that is one of the questions to which such a decision must apply. For in the filming of Shakespeare, Hollywood inevitably looms large, and where there is Hollywood there is the American accent. Your purists of the insular school demand its exclusion—a view which is as silly as it is narrow.

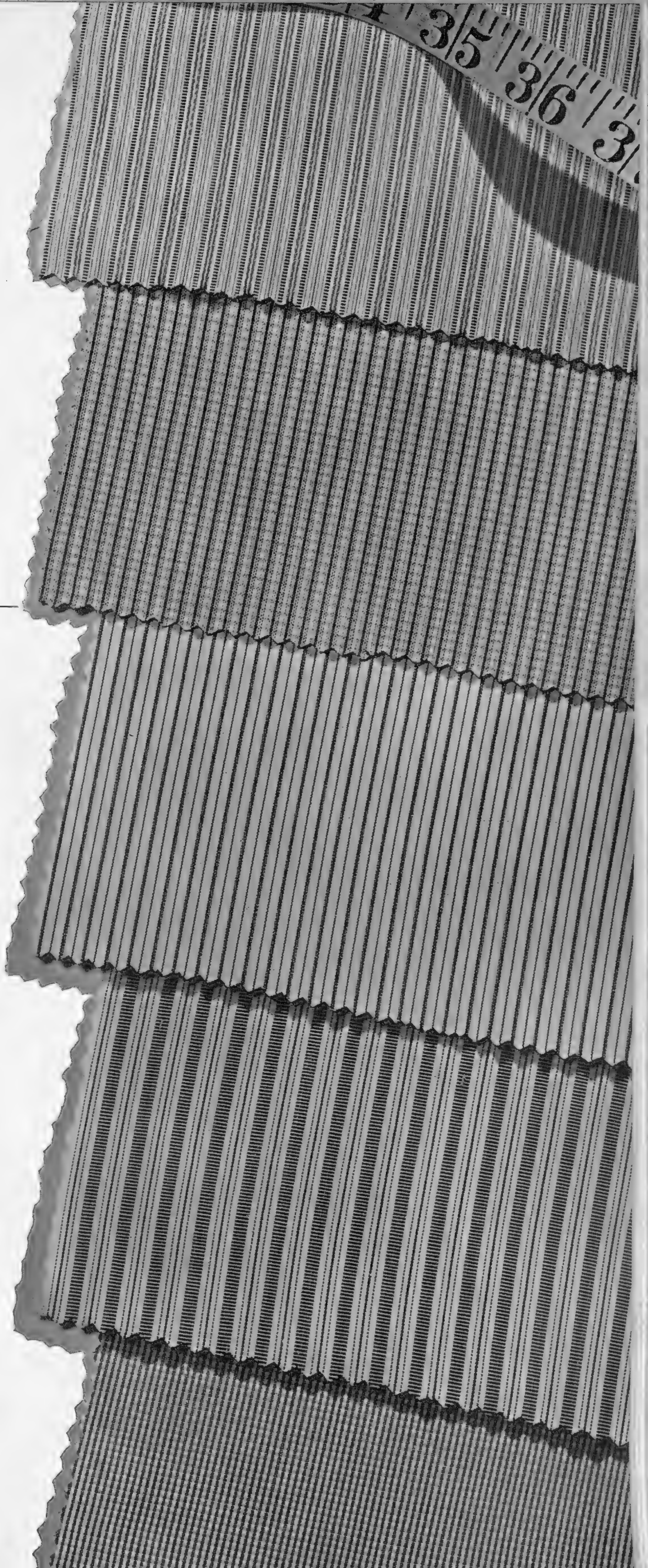
Who is going to prevent Americans producing and acting in Shakespearean films if they want to? Some of the greatest of Shakespearean actors and actresses for the stage have been Americans—Booth, Ada Rehan, and many more. Did their accent "jar"? And if so, whom did it "jar"? Certainly not Henry Irving, who invited the former to alternate the roles of Othello and Iago with him. Furthermore, all this alleged sensibility about the accent problem is, consciously or no, an insult to a great and friendly nation, much of it of the same stock as ourselves. And are our purists quite so certain that the English of Shakespeare's day was pronounced so much more differently from the American tongue than from our modern English?

And so to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Adelphi, the acting first. Although usage and familiarity made the English voice of Mr. Ian Hunter — a dignified Theseus — fall pleasantly on my ears in a medley of accents which were not English (a momentary, but slight, yielding to the above-mentioned insularity), the acting on the whole was so uncommonly good that one soon forgot nationality even if one was never convinced that these folks were Greeks. Nor, I imagine, did Shakespeare want to convince us of anything of the sort.

My idolatry towards Shakespeare has never extended as far as admitting that his funny men are funny — at least, to our generation. The many, many times I have seen "the Dream" I have found the clown scenes insufferably tedious. Wherefore do I record with gratitude that thanks to Joe E. Brown (Flute), Frank McHugh (Quince) and others, they amused me for the first time and amused me very much. James Cagney as Bottom was admirable, but I cannot say the same for Mickey Rooney's Puck, who was not elf-like, but a nasty little pest of the type found in Shirley Temple or Babe Leroy films.

I had expected to find the acting disappointing and consolation in the splendour and beauty of the production. The reverse happened. Splendour is there in a sense; how could it be absent from a film on which £240,000 has, it is stated, been spent? But of beauty there is very little. Herr Max Reinhardt is a renowned producer, but he is renowned for overloading, and his ideas are often Teutonic in their rather gross immensity.

A TENSE MOMENT: Eric Lugg, Henry Kendall, Nancy O'Neil, and William Fox in an episode from *Someone at the Door*, the thriller at the Comedy which has now passed its 150th performance



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# THE WORLD OF BOOKS

*Walter Duranty, an Eye-witness of Russia's Political Experiment : Anne Lindbergh Recounts Her Experiences in "North to the Orient"*

By VERNON FANE

FOR a good many years now Mr. Walter Duranty has been the resident correspondent in Moscow of the *New York Times*. I suppose that no foreigner, and certainly no journalist, can write upon Russian subjects with quite Mr. Duranty's authority. Almost alone among the foreign correspondents in Moscow he succeeded in gaining the confidence and friendship of those in power; not only by the normal pleasantries of human relationships but through an understanding by the Bolsheviks that here was a man who would write fearlessly and without favour both of what he was permitted to see and what he, as a good observer, should unearth.

So scrupulous and fair was Duranty when, on the one side he had grim things to report, but at the same time could appreciate better than most men the purpose, the quality, and the will to win through of those who were guiding the destinies of the Russian people, that he was often, particularly in the boom period, accused of Bolshevik bias. To the everlasting credit of his newspaper he survived these charges; nor has he feared, when for diplomatic and other reasons the U.S.S.R. should be favourably presented to the U.S.A. to be just when criticism was necessary.

Mr. Duranty would have us believe that the form and purpose of **I WRITE AS I PLEASE** (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) was inspired by some conversations he had with his friend, the late William Bolitho, whose ideas upon the pursuance of a writing career were as unique and clear-cut as the rest of his ideas. Hence, one supposes, the somewhat unnecessary challenge of the title. Newspaper men seldom make good books, having developed a writing habit from their technique which leaves them all at sea constructionally. Mr. Duranty has every right to write as he pleases, he has so much to say that is more than interesting—it is valuable, and it is history, as well as acute observation—that one could wish, as for instance in the drama of the death of Lenin, the eclipse of Trotzky, and the rise of Stalin, he had forgotten friend Bolitho and written some of his own incomparable despatches.

I suppose I must make the point that Mr. Duranty is an Englishman and comes from Lancashire, although I am hanged if I can see anything remarkable in that. Many Americans have made distinguished careers in English journalism, and I am sure that if the President of the United States were in the habit of conferring titles in the manner that they are bestowed in this country, Sir Walter would have little chance to escape.

If I should start quoting I fear I would be at it for the rest of the page, but I cannot resist one which epitomises the level-headedness of a man whose life has been spent seeking and writing up front-page news.

"Every youngster in the American, British, French, or German Air Force who flew a fighting 'plane across the Front in 1918 was taking greater risks than Lindbergh, or Miss Earheart, or the late Wiley Post, or Admiral Byrd, or Amy Johnson and her husband, and all the rest of them put together, and, what is more, went on taking them every day and made no money out of it—nothing but a choice of crosses, the Distinguished Cross of Valour, or a wooden cross above their graves."

So Mr. Duranty writes as he pleases, and that he has been an eye-witness of a political experiment that has shaken mankind, and is able to appraise its zeal as well as view its mistakes with an objective eye will please everyone who is able to take an open mind to the study of such things.

*Drawn by Percy Horne*

AN HISTORIAN'S HISTORIC HOME: This charming building on the outskirts of the Buckinghamshire village of East Claydon is known as the White House and is the home of Mr. Arthur Bryant, whose researches into the later life of Samuel Pepys have been arousing so much interest. The house is connected with the famous Verney family which played a conspicuous part in the struggle between Charles I and Parliament, and it was Sir Edmund Verney who died at Edgehill with the King's Standard in his hand

The most enjoyable book of the week for me has been Mrs. Lindbergh's **NORTH TO THE ORIENT** (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), an account of the flight which she and her famous husband undertook together, and which led them from North Haven, Maine, round the "top of the world" to China. The title sounds paradoxical, but it happens to be exact.

When the Lindberghs first announced the plan of their flight, the experts tried to discourage them. "They looked troubled. It was a look of wisdom and kindness covered with restraint—the look your mother wore when you came in to say goodbye to her before one of your first parties. You remember although she said loyally, 'You look lovely, dear,' you knew she was thinking, 'But *why* did you wear *that* dress?' '*Why* (very gently and politely)—why did you choose *that* route, sir?'"

But the young Lindberghs won their point. Their way was the shortest, that was incontestable, and since they had experience, confidence, and ability, they set out like all successful pioneers, with the least possible fuss or advertisement. Colonel Lindbergh, being the public figure he is, must always be attended by publicity in spite of his very sincere dislike of it, yet the whole keynote of this really charming book is the modesty and the simple spirit of gaiety in which it has been written.

During the days when they were planning the flight, Lindbergh said to his wife, "'We'll have to carry radio. Can you operate radio?' (I can see it coming, I thought, I can just see what's going to happen). 'A little . . . but *you* will have to be radio operator.' 'Oh.' (There it is! I thought). 'Well, I'll see.'" And radio operator she was, most efficiently throughout the trip.

It is a long time since I read a personal experience told with as much freshness as this. Yet Anne Morrow Lindbergh has a more special quality than that of modesty in her writing; she remembers, she describes, and she sometimes comments, but never with the conscious effort of making an effect. It is as if this writer were unaware of the sensational aspects of their flight.

"Of course they wanted to see Charles," she writes at one point, but she writes it with the calm and affectionate acceptance of a daughter-in-law visiting her husband's parents, and not as the proud wife of one of the world's sensational figures.

If it is possible for a book to give one a really cosy feeling about aviation, this is the book.

**THE 6,000 BEARDS OF ATHOS** (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.) is illustrated with some of the best and some of the most amusing photographs I have seen for a long time, and though I know that this is not the best introduction to a book, I did not read a word of Mr. Ralph H. Brewster's story until I had examined each of the forty pictures with the greatest care.

The fact that the book itself was just as entertaining after this illustrated preface is more than a point in its favour. The journey which Mr. Brewster undertook, camera in hand, was a tour of the monastic Greek domain of Mount Athos, where he visited twenty-four monasteries, and drew his own, caustic and sometimes inspired, conclusions. (I would recommend readers to study the first appendix to the book, a masterpiece of concise, and probably just, reporting.)

Monasteries, if we are to judge from Mr. Brewster's experiences, and I for one have the utmost belief in them, are not all they might be. Or, if one takes another and more worldly point of view, they are considerably more than they might be. In any event they do not, as the publishers admirably observe "make for holiness." Some of the monks' life stories, however, are well worth reading, and treated as an unusual travel book, this is a very accomplished piece of work.

It is difficult to compare the place which Sacha Guitry holds in the French theatre with any of our stage figures. Perhaps, because he is as excellent a playwright as an actor, Noel Coward would come nearest to him.

The great difference between them, as I see it, is that Sacha Guitry, son of a brilliant and famous actor-father, had a background of fine theatrical tradition. Noel Coward has created his own tradition.

**IF I REMEMBER RIGHT** (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is the title of Guitry's memoirs, which have been written with gaiety, cynicism, and a salting of good sense. They are, perhaps, rather special fare, for in spite of the variety of his life, the French actor-manager-playwright is inclined to observe events only within the limits of the theatre world. His passion for the theatre, while it inspired him to write the most polished of plays, and to give the most delightful performances in them, also acted in a way as blinkers on his general outlook. In that sense this is not the book of a man of the world.

But it is entertaining, and I liked his chapter on America—"First impression very definite—no impression."

For a lot of people sea stories of adventure have an irresistible attraction. They seem to embody the romantic, the strange and the daring as no other twentieth-century exploits can. When sea stories are concerned with windjammers and great, white sails they are doubly alluring, and when they are an authentic account of a good-looking young man's experience they might be said to meet all demands.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the author of **HEAVENLY HELL** (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), at the age of eighteen signed on as apprentice in a four-masted barque, shipping grain between South Australia and the London docks. His knowledge of sailing had been up till that time mostly in small yachts, but being very young, and, one supposes, very strong, he decided that "the real thing" and a real cargo ship were his *métier*, and he signed on in London one foggy day, to the *Lawhill*, a 2,700-ton barque in the wheat trade.

Nearly all the rest of the crew were Finns, and all of them certainly were tough. Mr. Sheridan's self-confidence and good spirits seem to have been equal to the occasion however, and the months he spent at sea were happy though strenuous ones, described with vigour and even heartiness.

## A BOOK LIST

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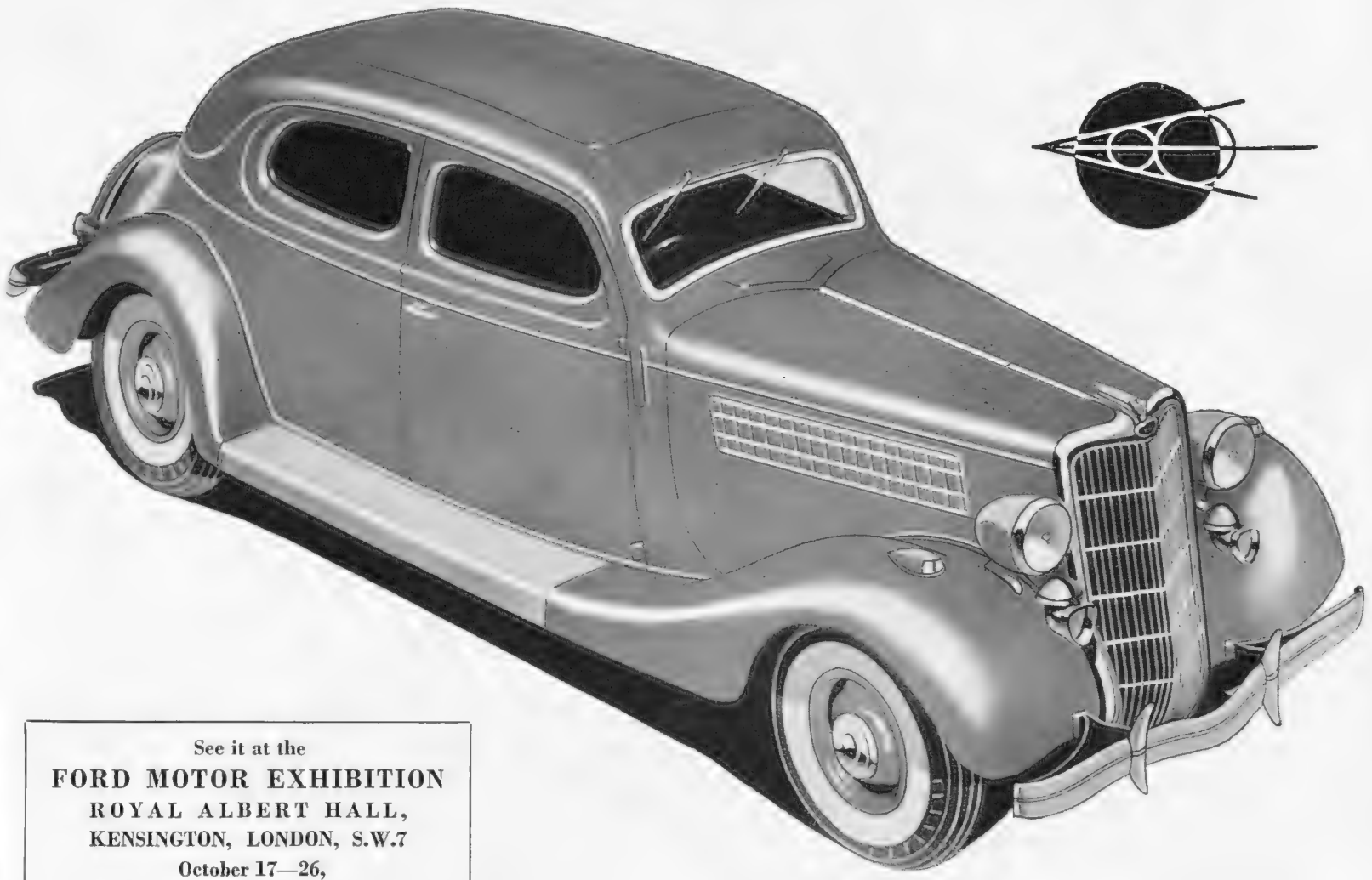

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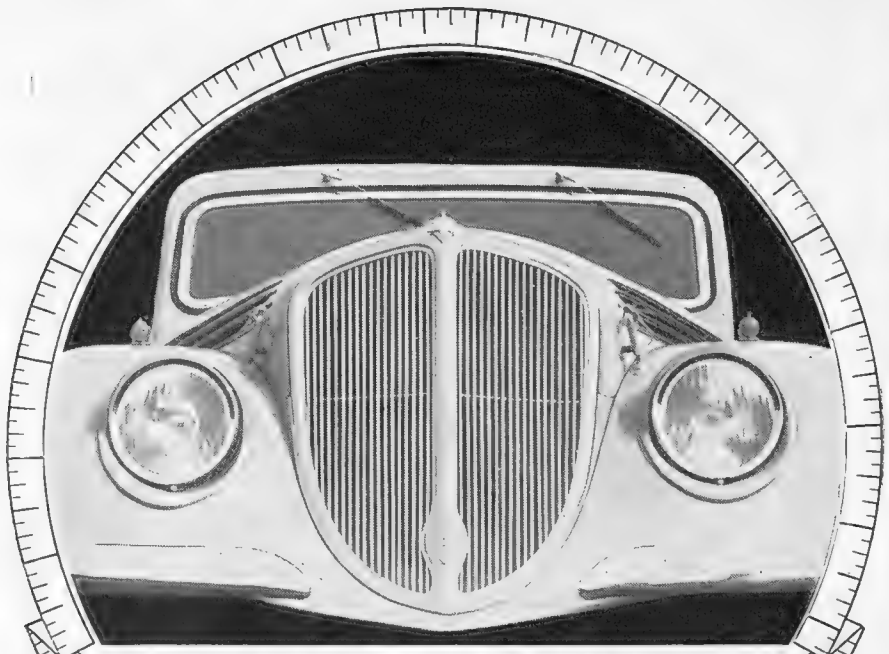

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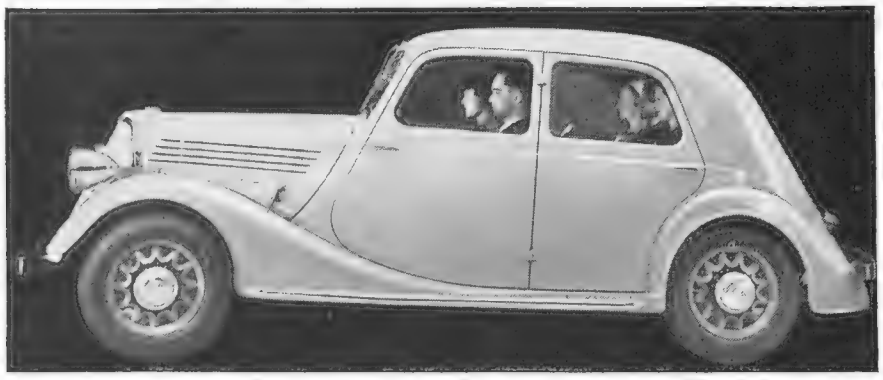

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# THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW

## October 17 to 26, 1935

Reviewed by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

NOWADAYS when so many new cars are not only announced but seen on the roads before the Motor Show, Olympia has been robbed of some of its glamour. On the other hand it may be considered to be a change for the better, perhaps not for the casual sight-seer, but certainly for the interested prospective buyer. The latter can look upon the annual exhibition as a large show-room, the only one in this country where he will find all the cars in which he is interested placed close to each other thus allowing useful comparisons to be made quickly and accurately. Being an interested would-be purchaser my imaginary visitor has already studied the details of the various new models which have been announced week by week since the middle of August.

Very seldom does the great annual motor exhibition close without its disclosing some predominating feature in motor car design. This year I think the high light is independent suspension. Many people are of the opinion that independently sprung wheels are an American feature of design which our manufacturers are copying. But such is not the case, for, as has happened many times in the past, this advancement in design must be credited to the British motor industry, though our friends across the Atlantic have improved upon it, popularised it, re-introduced it to this country, and then some of our makers have fallen in line. There are other important features which can be discerned by the visitor as he passes down the various aisles of Olympia. On every stand evidence will be seen of a determined effort on the part of designers to tidy up the outward form of the motor car. This is a most commendable development, and I am thankful to say that it has not gone to extreme limits as far as British manufacturers are concerned. I am firmly of the opinion that the ultra-streamlined motor car will not be popular in this country for quite a number of years, if at all.

A THOUGHT FOR THE LADIES: Automatic gear-change and easier controls, both features of this Motor Show, will be greatly appreciated by the woman driver, as will the scientifically designed drivers' seats

development which I thought would have shown greater progress is that of car wireless. True, many wireless manufacturers in this country are busy making appropriate sets for installation into cars, but Olympia does not show any great perceptible stride towards the ultimate end of car wireless, that is when every car will be so fitted by the manufacturers of the chassis in their works. Car wireless at the moment is being held up through inexpert fitting. Too often a thoroughly good set is spoilt by indifferent installation. There will have to be quite a lot of co-operation between the maker of the car and the maker of the wireless set before universally satisfactory results can be expected. It must always be remembered that it was not until the chassis manufacturer started to make his own body that the body-builder was given very much consideration or assistance in producing satisfactory coachwork.

Last Olympia showed us that simple gear-changing was becoming more and more popular. The 1935 Olympia will house scarcely a car that does not boast some kind of preselector gear-box or the type with synchromesh gears. The visitor walking round the stands should discover without much difficulty that for the first time at one of these annual exhibitions several cars are on view that have easily adjustable steering columns. I do not mean the type where the bonnet has to be undone and inaccessible nuts loosened, which nine times out of ten can never be tightened again, but the design which enables the driver to pull the steering wheel closer to him or push it farther away by loosening one clip on the column beneath the wheel itself. This improvement may not be terrifically important, but it is one which adds considerably to the driver's comfort.

The fashion of having an ornamental grille in front of the radiator proper has spread until there is scarcely a car in the show without this ornamentation. It is all part of the general plan of tidying up the car, but with the exception of one or two cars it is quite impossible to clean out the unsightly masses of dead flies and insects which find their way right into the radiator itself.

The observer at Olympia cannot fail to notice that there is a distinct tendency for manufacturers to give us cars with larger engines. This is scarcely a surprise, because the reduction in the horse-power tax was calculated to produce this result sooner or later. Although we see these cars with bigger engines, it is satisfactory to note that the "baby" cars are still very much in evidence, and as far as can be seen at present their popularity is not likely to be adversely affected by the development which I have mentioned. Larger-engined cars will certainly help us in overseas markets, and, if we still keep ourselves predominant at the other end of the scale, then the position of the British motor industry should be satisfactory.

There is a distinct movement on foot to place the engine farther forward until the radiator is well ahead of the front axle. By doing this the designers have been able to place the occupants of the car between the two axles and still provide them with comfortable accommodation. The careful observer will also notice that the width of the seats is increasing. This is being carried out without making the track of the car any greater.

In no motor exhibition in the world can finer coach-work be seen than at Olympia. Quite a large proportion of the stands are devoted to the display of coachbuilders' products. Several of the firms who make bodies to order have been established in this country over 100 years and though this enviable age is evidence of their excellence of workmanship it does not mean that they are in any way out-of-date. In fact a casual walk past their stands will show that their designs and the finish of their products are more than modern.

Then we have in the galleries the innumerable stands housing the various accessory exhibits. Although the modern motor car is not only supplied with every necessary accessory, and with many which can only justly be deemed luxuries, the manufacturers of "extras" can always be relied upon to show the visitor to Olympia who takes the trouble to walk round the galleries some new gadgets which are certain to make a powerful appeal. Although many people fail to see how a stand with which their favourite oil or petrol is associated can be in any way interesting, they will be surprised if they take the trouble to go up in the lift or up the stairs to the gallery, and look at the stands connected with these everyday commodities.

Although every motor car owner is not the possessor of a motor boat, it is fairly safe to say that every owner of a petrol-driven boat is a proud owner of a car. In these days when the roads are becoming more crowded, and the number of restrictions and regulations regarding their use become more numerous and more intricate, car owners would do well to take more than the usual amount of interest in the motor boat exhibits staged at the exhibition. The roads become fuller at weekends and the standard of driving is likewise at its lowest on a Sunday. If the purse will allow it there is nothing more pleasurable than to drive down on a Friday night, or early Saturday morning to one's motor cruiser and spend the weekend afloat. Many people have ambitions in this direction but they lack experience, and all they know is derived from watching luxurious cruisers pass along the river, the Broads, or the sea-coast. They think how nice it would be to own such a craft, but they consider anything so luxurious is well out of their reach. Let me advise such motorists to examine the motor boats very carefully and take particular notice of the prices. Being accustomed to car prices those in the motor boat world appear quite ludicrous. I venture to suggest that at first sight the motor boat admirer will think that a nought has been forgotten on the price card.

In this general review of the Show I have purposely omitted mentioning any particular make of car, accessory, body, or boat, for the simple reason that to single out any one exhibit might give the impression that it was more worthy of attention than those surrounding it. This 1935 Olympia exhibition does not display one uninteresting exhibit and the only difficulty that the visitor will experience will be to get round the entire Show in the time available without missing anything.

THE OLD

A study of autumn sunshine in the village street of Haughley, Suffolk

THE NEW

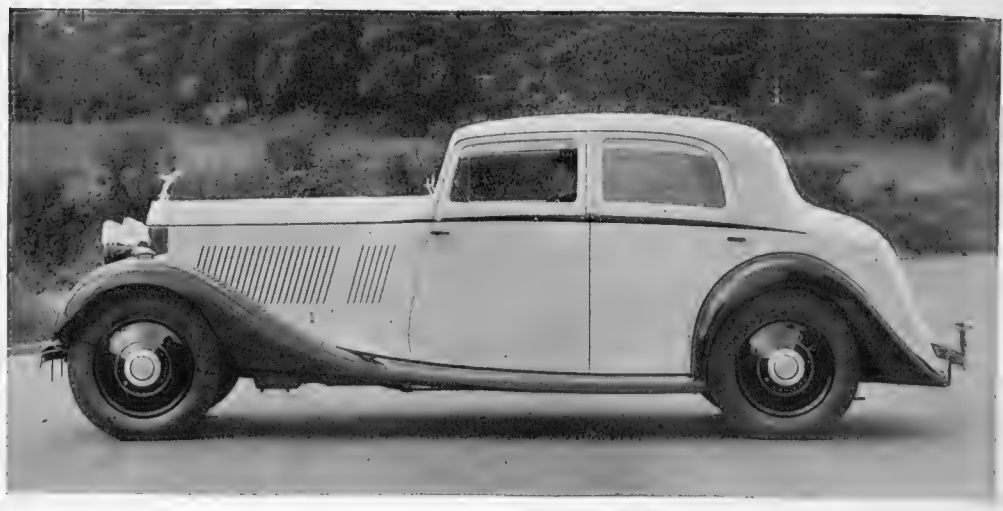
The main Birmingham–Worcester road near Spring Pools, south of Rubery. A typical example of a modern motoring highway

*THE MOTOR SHOW*

# ROUND THE STANDS

## A Survey of the Outstanding Exhibits of this Year's Show

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.



ROLLS-ROYCE

The 20–25-h.p. chassis on which is mounted a Hooper sports saloon body painted maroon and black. The interior is tastefully finished in brown leather and cloth

**ROLLS-ROYCE.**—The most interesting car on a most interesting stand is the new Rolls-Royce Phantom III. Many outstanding features distinguish this car from its famous predecessor the Phantom II, not only by reason of its 12-cylinder engine but also by reason of its independent front-wheel suspension. It is true to say that there is nothing new either in engines having 12 cylinders or in suspension of the type mentioned, but what is specially attractive about these two points is the fact that they have been developed and produced with that care and attention to detail, and that effort for unsurpassed excellence which have not only placed Rolls-Royce cars on the highest pinnacle of fame, but have kept them there for so many years. Other interesting improvements include improved controllability, self-adjusting tappets, and silent change on all gears, including reverse. The overall length of the car has been reduced, but the length of the body is the same as the Phantom II.

The 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis in general design and specification remains unchanged, but a number of detail changes have been brought into effect since last year's exhibition, chief amongst which are: Automatic voltage control dynamo; more flexible (rubber) engine mountings—still further improving the smoothness and isolating the torque reaction of the engine—a longer bonnet which further improves the general appearance of the car. The springing has been further improved by the adoption of softer springs of low periodicity, which, coupled with the hand control provided for the shock absorbers, gives a quality of suspension to meet all demands. I myself have owned a number of these 20–25 models during the past few years and my experience has been such that I can truthfully say that they lived up to the reputation associated with the 40–50.

**MORRIS.**—Prominent amongst the Morris cars on the stand this year are the Big Sixes. Here are 25-h.p. and 18-h.p. 6-cylinder cars built with the object of providing de luxe motoring in its truest sense but at moderate cost. The 25-h.p. saloon which has generous room for five people and a commendable amount of luggage space costs only £280. A few years ago it would have been impossible to obtain such performance, appearance, and elegance at double the price.

The 18-h.p. car is shown as a sports coupé and even in this form, its cost is as low as £335.

These high-powered Morris cars incidentally have in-built four-wheel hydraulic jacking systems, spare wheel covers and other refinements that amount to a big dividend on top of an already high value for money factor.

Smaller merely by comparison are the Series II 4-cylinder models, the 10-h.p., and the 12-h.p., cars costing £182 10s. and £187 10s. in saloon form. Here again the body provides generous accommodation for four or even five occupants, and provision has been made for carrying genuine touring luggage without spoiling the tasteful body-line. It is interesting to recall that these models have achieved considerable success in coachwork competitions in various parts of the country this season, and that they have given an equally good account of themselves from a performance point of view.

In the 8-h.p. class there are three models on the stand, and the two-seater at £120 10s. is complete with bumpers and traffic indicators. The 8-h.p., four-door saloon which has proved so popular in the past is priced at £142 10s., and the two-door model on the same chassis is even cheaper.

The vast organisation that Lord Nuffield has created produced the record total of 100,000 cars last year, and a close investigation of all that the stand has to show will indicate that such success is amply justified.

**BENTLEY.**—The 3½-litre Bentley chassis has remained unchanged as regards its general construction during the current year, but there have been one or two noteworthy modifications introduced since the last Olympia exhibition. Perhaps the most important is the automatically controlled hydraulic shock absorbers. In addition to this device, there is an over-riding hand control for the suspension similar to the scheme fitted to Rolls-Royce cars.

BENTLEY

A coupé cabriolet body on the 3½-litre chassis. The exterior is finished in cream with chromium-plated moulding. Note the capacious luggage boot

Undeniably the highest achievement in sports-car design, the Bentley immediately went to the front of its class as soon as it was introduced. Not often seen in competition circles, it has however proved its superlative powers in two Tourist Trophy events, averaging no less than 80·36 m.p.h. over a long and gruelling course.

The Bentley is a car with a dual personality. On the one hand it gives everything that a perfect sports-car should, but possesses an ability to slide silently through the thickest traffic or to "amble" at high speed according to the dictates of the driver and circumstances.

Two Park Ward productions are on the Bentley stand, the one a four-door four-seater saloon, costing £1,480, and the other a drop-head coupé at £1,505. A third closed car is a special saloon by H. J. Mulliner. Here the coachwork is very distinctive and of exclusive design. The equipment, too, is very complete. The car shown is finished in two shades of metallic-blue, and costs £1,698.

Many will welcome the appearance on the stand of an open model and this takes the form of a sports tourer bodied by Vanden Plas. Incorporating the very latest ideas for this type of car and indicating a definite return to favour of open air motoring, it makes a striking exhibit. The exterior finish is white with black upholstery, and full weather protection is afforded by the equipment. It is a production that may well remind us of the open roads in summer, and the added pleasures which the fortunate possessors of £1,390 can command next season either at home or on the long routes that lead to the South.

MORRIS

The 12-h.p. coupé Series II which has been acclaimed as one of the greatest motoring bargains of to-day. A built-in hydraulic jacking system is included in the standard equipment

**HOOPER.**—Four very fine cars with undeniably exclusive coachwork are to be seen on the Hooper stand in the coachwork section. Further examples of Hooper bodywork are to be seen on the Rolls-Royce and the Daimler stands in the main hall. Hooper's own exhibits comprise two Rolls-Royces, a Bentley and a V-8 Daimler.

In the last-mentioned as well as in the case of the 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, limousines seating seven persons are displayed. The specifications are the very best that an old-established yet up-to-date coachworks can invent, and a close inspection will satisfy the most critical visitor that the British craftsman lacks nothing of his predecessor's deft skill. Upholstery in the case of the Rolls-Royce limousine is in fawn cloth and the interior woodwork is ebony veneer. Curl walnut is an alternative style as indicated by the V-8 Daimler.

Designed for an owner-driver and distinct from the larger cars already mentioned, there are two semi-sports closed cars on show. The maroon and black five-seater saloon on the 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis is no less luxurious than the larger model of the same make. Equally it fulfils its purpose to the highest degree possible at the present time, and is in every way a practical car.

No lady visitor can fail to be attracted by the remaining Hooper product on this stand. A cream exterior to the cabriolet body is relieved with a chromium moulding and the interior upholstery is of highest grade brown leather. Toning in with the chromium bead outside are bright wheel discs, and luggage is accommodated in the rear boot so that it need never spoil the graceful line by its appearance on an old-fashioned external grid.

Woodwork of superb grain is used in all the interior finishes and the specimens of burry bass in the Bentley cabriolet are well worth inspection.

HOOPER

**BARKER.**—Barker coachwork makes a magnificent display on this Company's stand. The total value of the four exhibits runs into many thousands of pounds and the selected chassis include Rolls-Royce, Daimler, and Bentley. There is a Barker enclosed limousine seating four or five persons, the upholstery of which is in unblemished calf skin. The cloth head lining tones admirably, and burr walnut with a fine gold inlay has been the choice for the interior woodwork. A radio set is to be found in a cabinet within the body and there are of course, many other fitments that render the car praiseworthy in the highest sense of the term. The exterior finish of this particular model is black cellulose, suitably relieved with fine line and with untarnishable moulding. The wheels are fitted with Barker discs, and Barker bumpers are mounted at the front and rear of the car.

To many people, dual-grey tones are ideal for an exterior and if of that opinion, nothing more pleasing could be found than the five-seater saloon on the 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. Grey predominates in this car, even to the leather upholstery.

The Bentley chassis lends itself to good coachwork and there is a particularly pleasing example on the Barker stand. Again a dual shade colour scheme is adopted for the exterior and green is the choice, with a similar tone for the interior upholstery.

The remaining exhibit on this stand is a big Daimler seven-seater limousine. There are two occasional seats arranged to face forward and providing a degree of comfort seldom associated with what is usually deemed a temporary arrangement for the extra passengers.

*(Continued on p. 116)*

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# ROUND THE STANDS—continued

ROVER

The 1936 version of the Fourteen sports saloon pictured in front of the main gates of Hampton Court Palace. This make of car is fitted with the Lucas Special electrical equipment

**ROVER.**—Rover popularity shows no diminution, and the reputation of the Company's products has been gained solely as a result of a steady policy of improvement and effort backed by good-looking, capable, and reliable cars. For the present show there are still the Rover Ten, Twelve, and Fourteen models, with even more handsome coachwork and mechanically improved where such improvement was justified. Among them there is the standardisation of Lucas Special electrical equipment which is usually found only on the genuinely expensive type of car. The construction of the windscreen has been scientifically engineered so that it provides a very necessary ventilation to prevent misting of the screen, but avoiding draughts to the occupants. Such items as the Rover floating engine, free-wheel, easy gear change, and simplified jacking system are, of course, all retained and high quality hide upholstery replaces ordinary leather in all but the open cars in the range.

As to the exhibits themselves, there are examples of the 10-, 12-, and 14-h.p. cars ranging in price from the black and maroon Ten at £248 to the streamline coupé on the speed Fourteen chassis costing £415. Those to whom the word "streamline" conjures a rather unorthodox if not freakish appearance, would be well advised to see how very differently the Rover Company have been able to interpret the term. Frequently these cars have gained the highest honours at coachwork competitions, and the possession of good looks is shared equally by all the range.

An open car is included in the Rover display and it is priced at £288 with the 12-h.p. chassis.

**WOLSELEY.**—Of the eight cars on the Wolseley stand, only one of them is a 4-cylinder model. This is the 10-h.p. Wasp shown with a four-door saloon de luxe body and costing £178 10s. complete. Next comes the ever popular Hornet costing just under £200 and with its small yet very sweet and capable 6-cylinder engine. Continuing upwards in the range we come to the new Fourteen, an example of which recently maintained a most creditable average speed over the difficult road testing circuit at Donington for twenty-four hours on end, and under R.A.C. observation.

Elegance, comfort, and high performance form the basis of policy behind the Wolseley range of to-day and with it an economy of price and maintenance. Such items as air-condition within the car, physically correct seat angulation and silence have received special attention. An atmosphere of luxury is immediately apparent no matter whether one views the smallest or the largest cars and the prices have been kept well within reach as evidenced by the 14-h.p. de luxe saloon which sells at £235.

In the 16-h.p., 21-h.p., and 25-h.p. cars the public is offered some of the fleetest products that have ever found their way from the Wolseley factories. There are five of these Super-Sixes on the stand at Olympia and the 25-h.p. saloon in particular is worthy of close inspection. Seldom, if ever, has a more roomy luxury vehicle been offered at a popular price. It is a sure proof of the fact that the man who wants performance and at the same time comfort, silence, and quality need never go outside our British factories or beyond the limits of a moderate pocket.

**VAUXHALL.**—The Vauxhall contingent will be on view on stand No. 97 and it is made up of four Light Six and three Big Six models. No radical alterations have been made to the Light Six, but particular attention has been paid to the comfort of driver and passenger alike. By mounting the engine a little more forward than before, the designers have allowed more comfort and leg room; head room and lateral space have also been increased. In addition there is more stability, for a lower centre of gravity has been achieved. The Light Six was introduced just over two years ago, last year the makers introduced independent springing, and to-day it is estimated that there are 40,000 of these cars on the road. This, I think, in itself speaks for the excellence of this Vauxhall product.

Turning now to the Big Six. Although the design is mainly the same as last year, one might easily be tempted to call it a new car. It has a new distinctive frontal appearance, handsome radiator grille, modern bonnet louvres and wings specially cellulosed to match the colour of the body. Body conformity seating, as the manufacturers term it, is another welcome improvement, as far as the driver is concerned. This takes the form of tension-sprung seats, evolved along the lines of the latest modern furniture, the main springs in the seat being arranged horizontally instead of vertically. In the same way the springs in the back rest are fitted vertically instead of horizontally, and specially shaped to the contour of the back. Other improvements include, a new foot-operated headlamp dipping system, improved carburation giving still better acceleration, improved clutch mechanism which gives a velvet-smooth clutch, and the famous Vauxhall super synchromesh gear-box has been made even still quieter.

In the Light Six class, prices range from £205 for a 12-h.p. standard saloon to £295 for a Wingham cabriolet, and in the Big Six from £325 to £550.

In addition to these models on the Vauxhall stand special chassis exhibits are on view on stand No. 190, while the following firms are exhibiting coachwork on Vauxhall chassis: E. D. Abbott, Ltd., Connaught Coachwork, Ltd., Grosvenor Carriage Company, Grose, Ltd., Samuel Holbrook, Ltd., Salmons and Sons, and Martin Walter, Ltd.

VAUXHALL

The Wingham cabriolet, which is in the Light Six class. Independent springing is an important feature of these models

WOLSELEY

The Fourteen saloon, which provides luxurious accommodation coupled with an outstanding road performance. Special attention has been paid to the interior ventilation of the saloon

**HUMBER.**—Humber cars invariably create interest wherever they go but with the number of improvements and new features embodied in their latest models they will be in even greater demand than ever. These new Humbers are built on an entirely new principle of box girder frame, a great advance on the old channel section. The power units are also of entirely new design and are of larger capacity than heretofore. Synchromesh gears are standard on all models, but the de Normanville Safety Gear, which is an exclusive Humber feature, can be fitted at slight extra cost. By moving the engine forward it has been possible to seat the driver and passengers between the axles, which, together with independent front wheel suspension, gives that added extra comfort which is so desirable. It is impossible, with the short space at my disposal, to go fully into the improvements which have been made in these 1936 Humbers. They all, whether they be the Pullman, Snipe, Eighteen, or Twelve, give the appearance of individuality. The coachwork is distinctive and imposing, and the equipment is completely practical to the last detail. In fact, judging by the results of their efforts, the manufacturers appear to have been determined to offer all of the features essential to modern luxury motoring.

**FORD.**—The Ford Motor Company are again holding their own annual Motor Show at the Albert Hall and it will be open during the same period as the Olympia exhibition, that is from Thursday, October 17th to Saturday, October 26th. Every inch of space is being utilised, in fact the carriage entrances on each side of the Hall have been enclosed to provide extra accommodation.

Exhibits range from private cars to commercial transport, including power farming in many of its modern phases. A giant representation of the Ford factory contains exhibits showing stages in the manufacture of Ford cars, while precision instruments and devices from Dagenham are demonstrated.

As far as the car exhibits are concerned, the outstanding introduction is the new Ford V-8 with a tax of £16 10s., which is being shown in a range of body-styles. This model incorporates the chief design features of the well-known V-8, which has achieved such great success. It has the same roomy and well-equipped bodywork, the same riding smoothness and a V-type 8-cylinder engine. Prices range from £220 for a coupé de luxe to £240 for a touring saloon with double entrance.

The De Luxe Ford with a tax of £7 10s., which has been so successful since its introduction last year, will be seen with still roomier bodywork, new style features, and the latest ideas in equipment. The well-known Popular Ford which is taxed at only £6, is shown at new reduced prices.

*(Continued on p. 118)*

# ON STAND 96

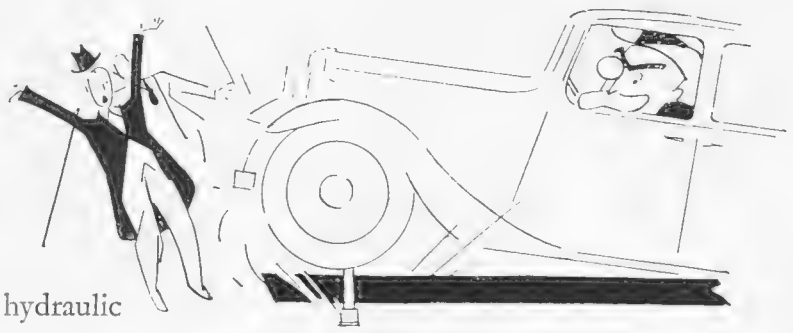
**1.** he found the style of coachwork he'd been looking for —elegant, dignified and sensible. Plenty of head-room, no waste of body space through overhang. Easier to park and garage, too . . .

**2.** he sat in the kind of seats he'd dreamed about but never found—adjustable, giving support to his body just where he wanted it —and he could really stretch his legs . . .

**3.** he noticed the large windows for generous vision and the correctly inclined windscreen which prevents rear window reflection . . .

**4.** he lifted the bonnet and noted the clean engine layout, the new type steering gear, the down-draught carburetter, and a score of other mechanical refinements . . .

**5.** after which he was delighted to examine the Girling type brakes—such an aid to control and road safety . . .



**6.** and finally, he tried out the Smiths' 'Jackall' hydraulic jacking system—standard on the larger models.

Noting these improvements and knowing the wonderful reputation of the Austin for Dependability and Lasting Wear, not to mention its high resale value (in itself a confirmation of superior worth), he turned over in his mind the sound sense of

*You buy a car—but you invest in an*

# AUSTIN

**GRAND HALL, STAND 96 OLYMPIA, ANNEXE, STAND 161**

# ROUND THE STANDS

(*Continued from p.* 116)

complete cars will be exhibited at the stands of various coachbuilders of world-wide reputation, including Messrs. Freestone and Webb, Vanden Plas, Mayfair Carriage Co., and Mann, Egerton & Co.

As regards the other Alvis models, no fundamental alterations in design have been made, but various improvements have been effected, and meticulous attention has been given to details of equipment. Altogether eight models are exhibited on this stand and those visitors who appreciate individuality and character of design in automobile construction, should find them particularly interesting.

ALVIS

The Speed Twenty four-door saloon which has proved so popular with discriminating motorists who appreciate individuality of design in automobile construction

Visitors to Olympia should definitely not miss this Ford Exhibition at the Albert Hall. Not only is the exhibition a show in itself, but famous military bands and a costume orchestra have been engaged, and band performances and concerts are entertaining visitors throughout the day. In addition a continuous programme of motoring films is being shown in the large cinema.

This Ford Exhibition is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and the price of admission is as low as 1s. 3d., including tax.

ALVIS.—Visitors to the Alvis stand No. 83 will be able to see an entirely new model on view in chassis form. The Alvis Company have gained such a high reputation for origination and development that this new exhibit is, and will be, one of the centre attractions of the Show.

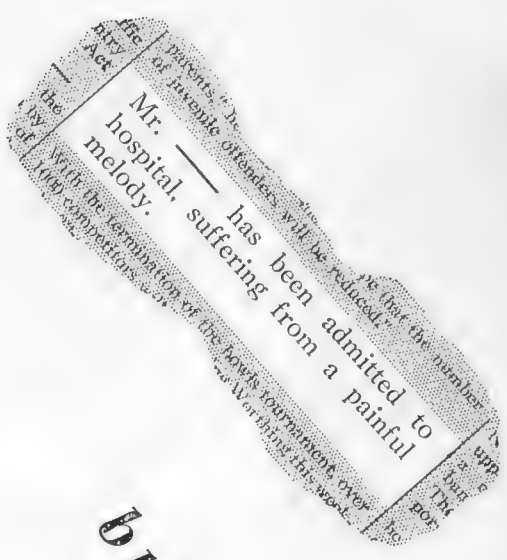
In short, the salient features of this new model include a seven-bearing crankshaft, three carburettor induction system, overhead valves fitted with patent multiple valve springs and dual ignition. The well-known Alvis all-silent all-synchromesh four-speed gearbox and the Alvis perfected system of independent front wheel springing and steering are also incorporated.

One of the greatest attributes of this new model is the reputed completely safe and effortless manner in which it will maintain exceptionally high average speeds. The engine is rated at 25·63-h.p. and the car is known as the 3½-Litre. Although it is exhibited in chassis form only on the Alvis stand, a number of

OLD-WORLD BEAUTY IN A MODERN SETTING

A busy intersection near Sidcup, Kent, on the main London–Folkestone road with a picturesque old-time cottage in the foreground


# Mistakes will happen . . .

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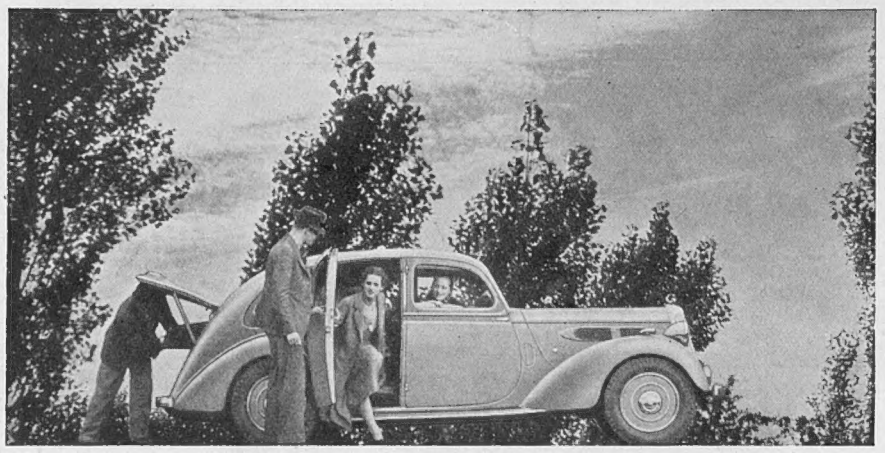
# ROUND THE STANDS—continued



STANDARD This model, which combines streamlined appearance, family-car comfort, and sports-car performance, is one of the Flying Standards

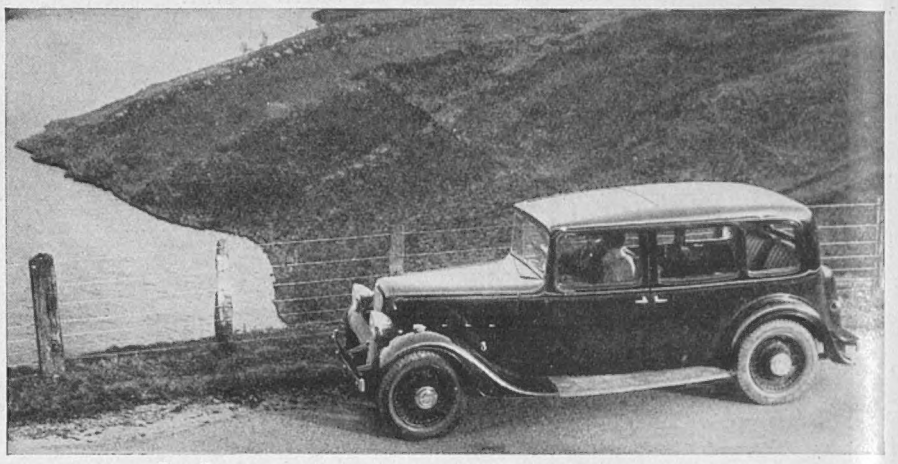
**STANDARD.**—The high-spot of the Standard Company's programme is the introduction of three new models—Twelve, Sixteen, and Light Twenty. The Flying Standard, as each will be known is a name quite appropriate for they differ strikingly in appearance from the corresponding 1936 Standard models already announced, inasmuch as they definitely follow the streamline principle. Truly remarkable are they in appearance and they should attract considerable attention. With the streamline effect, there is sometimes a tendency to sacrifice comfort and roominess, but these Flying Standards give the same comfort, convenience, and roominess, which have always been associated with Standard cars in general. In fact, they give even more room than the more orthodox bodywork.

As indicated, these streamlined Standards are of three ratings. The Twelve has a 4-cylinder engine, giving 1608·5 cc.; but the Sixteen and Light Twenty have both 6-cylinder power units. All three are alike in mechanical features, and have interchangeable bodywork. Almost the only difference between the Twelve and the others, apart from the engine, is that it has a somewhat shorter wheelbase, largely owing to the smaller space required to accommodate its engine. In each case the power of the engine is greater than that of the normal type; this is due to an aluminium cylinder head being used in conjunction with a special form of combustion chamber and a higher compression. An important feature of the chassis design is the low and extremely strong frame which enables the floor height to be only 16–17 ins. above the ground level. Their prices are extremely reasonable, the Twelve selling at £259, the Sixteen at £299, and the Light Twenty at £315.

**AUSTIN.**—One of the largest and most centrally placed stands is No. 96, on which a representative range of Austin models is displayed. The largest of them is the Twenty Mayfair limousine, a big car in every sense of the word except price. It has a 6-cylinder engine and transmission is through a four-speed gear-box with synchromesh engagement for second, third, and top. The coachwork provides ample room and generous comfort for seven persons, and a movable glass division separates the interior of the car from the driver's compartment, while an electric telephone maintains communication between the two.

New features of note are the hydraulic jacking system and the Girling-type brakes, while an induction silencer enhances the quietness of engine operation. Next in order of size come the Eighteen and Sixteen exhibits, the former represented by the York saloon on the long 10-ft. wheelbase chassis, and the latter by the Hertford saloon on the short 9 ft. 4 ins. wheelbase. These two models are similar in design, each having a 6-cylinder power unit, four-speed gear-box with synchromesh gears, a cross-braced frame, long semi-elliptic springs, hydraulic shock absorbers and Girling-type brakes. The Ascott 11.9-h.p. saloon represents the Austin Twelve range. The price of this model has been reduced, although added attractions include such worth-while improvements as down-draught carburation with silenced induction and improved steering.

The Lichfield saloon and the Colwyn cabriolet represent the Ten-Four series and they now have Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers as fitted on the larger Austin chassis, and incorporate as hitherto the four-speed gear-box with synchromesh for second, third, and top. Last, but definitely not least, comes the Seven, which created a new sales record last year. This model is so well known and has proved so popular year after year that I do not think there is any necessity to enlarge on its capabilities.



AUSTIN The Eighteen, which represents one of the larger exhibits on stand No. 96. This model is fitted with a 6-cylinder engine, four-speed synchromesh gear-box and Girling type brakes

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## TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

*(See also 3rd page of Cover)*

**M., Edinburgh** (Cruise). — The 42,500-ton *Empress of Britain* of the Canadian Pacific Line leaves Monaco on January 23, 1936, for a world cruise, visiting over thirty ports and twenty-three countries, including Naples, Athens, Palestine, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Siam, Java, Bali, Philippine Islands, China, Japan, Honolulu, California, Panama, Cuba, and New York. First-class passengers only are carried, the minimum rate, including standard shore excursions, being 422 guineas. The *Empress of Britain* was specially designed for world cruising and is one of the most luxurious liners afloat.

**W., Sussex** (Bermuda). — Bermuda has a most delightful winter climate, the daily average temperatures during January and February being 68·3° F. and 64·2° F. respectively. The average daily range of temperature is 9·8° F. during January and 10·7° during February. The Gulf stream which flows between Bermuda and the mainland provides an effective barrier to the cold north winds of winter. There are seven golf courses on the island, four of which are 18-hole courses. There are no street cars or motor cycles there, and the general use of motor cars is prohibited. Visitors to Bermuda use carriages, bicycles, or horses as a means of transport. The Castle Harbour Hotel which is modern and luxurious can be highly recommended. It has its own private swimming pool, while the Castle Harbour golf course is adjoining. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company and Fyffes Line have sailings to Bermuda.

**D., Lancs.** (South Africa). — The mean temperature of Cape Town during February is 69·7° Fah., and during March 68° Fah., December to February constituting the summer months. A small resort is Fishoek, 25 to 30 minutes by train out of Cape Town. Good bathing can be had there, surf bathing being obtainable at Muizenberg, a short distance away. The Homestead Hotel at Fishoek quotes very reasonable prices.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.—*October* 19, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

# TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

## Answers to Enquirers

**Y., Calcutta** (Norway).—There is a good service of steamers up the Norwegian coast during the summer months, both from Stavanger and Bergen. The Vesteraalens Dampskibsselskab of Stokmarknes, and the Stavangerske Dampskibsselskab of Stavanger run 14-day round trips from Stavanger to Kirkenes, the latter company having two sailings a month by their S.S. *Sanct Svithun*, and the former company having five or six sailings monthly. The round fare from Stavanger to Kirkenes is 326 kronen, the fare from Bergen to Kirkenes return being 296 kronen, the round trip taking 12 days. The boats call at over thirty ports, small towns and villages and for six days and nights the steamers sail north of the Arctic Circle, the best season for seeing the Midnight Sun being from the middle of June to the end of July. The Vesteraalens Dampskibsselskab also runs a service every Thursday from Trondheim to Stokmarknes, the return trip taking seven days and costing 200 kronen. Though this trip does not take one as far north as Kirkenes, it is, we think, well worth taking, for the *Vesteraalen* is a small ship and can thus run farther up the fjords than can the larger vessels. Your best plan would be to take one of the Vesteraalens or Stavenger boats to Trondheim and there transfer to the *Vesteraalen* for the seven days' trip to Stokmarknes, changing again at Trondheim for the return journey to Bergen, the whole trip costing about £16, including all meals and tips.

**L., Belfast** (Egypt).—As you are going to Egypt in order to find dry and warm conditions during the winter we advise you to go to Upper Egypt, either Assuan or Luxor, rather than to Cairo. The latter resort can sometimes be decidedly chilly in winter. Assuan, which is situated at the First Cataract, is the dryest of the Egyptian health resorts, the average temperature during January, the coldest month, being about 65° Fah., while the air is bracing. The Cataract Hotel there is excellent. There is a marked change in temperature after sunset, and you should take a warm coat or wrap for evening wear. The single first-class fare from London to Port Said by Orient Line ranges from £34, and passengers who re-book for the return journey within six months of landing are allowed an abatement of 20 per cent.

**N., Sussex** (Norway).—There are excellent facilities for ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing in the immediate vicinity of Oslo. Vettakollen, Holmenkollen, and Voksenkollen are all stations on the electric railway which runs from the centre of Oslo to Frognersaeteren, 1,434 ft. above sea-level and the starting point for ski running in the Nordmarken woods which extend for many miles. The winter sports season near Oslo extends from late December to about the middle of March, and well on into the spring in the higher resorts. The Norwegian State Railways, 19, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, could quote you an inclusive fare to Oslo, including the cost of hotel accommodation. In this way a twelve-days' stay at the Turisthotel at Vettakollen, including first-class travel on the steamer across the North Sea would cost about £17.

**N., Wilts.** (Union Castle Line).—The special Christmas and New Year holiday return fares to Cape Town, quoted by the Union Castle Line, are £90 1st class, £60 2nd class, and £30 tourist class. The first outward sailing on which these fares are applicable is that of the *Warwick Castle* from Southampton on November 29, arriving in Cape Town on December 16.

### AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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**Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental.** — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.**—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

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**GERMANY—*continued.***

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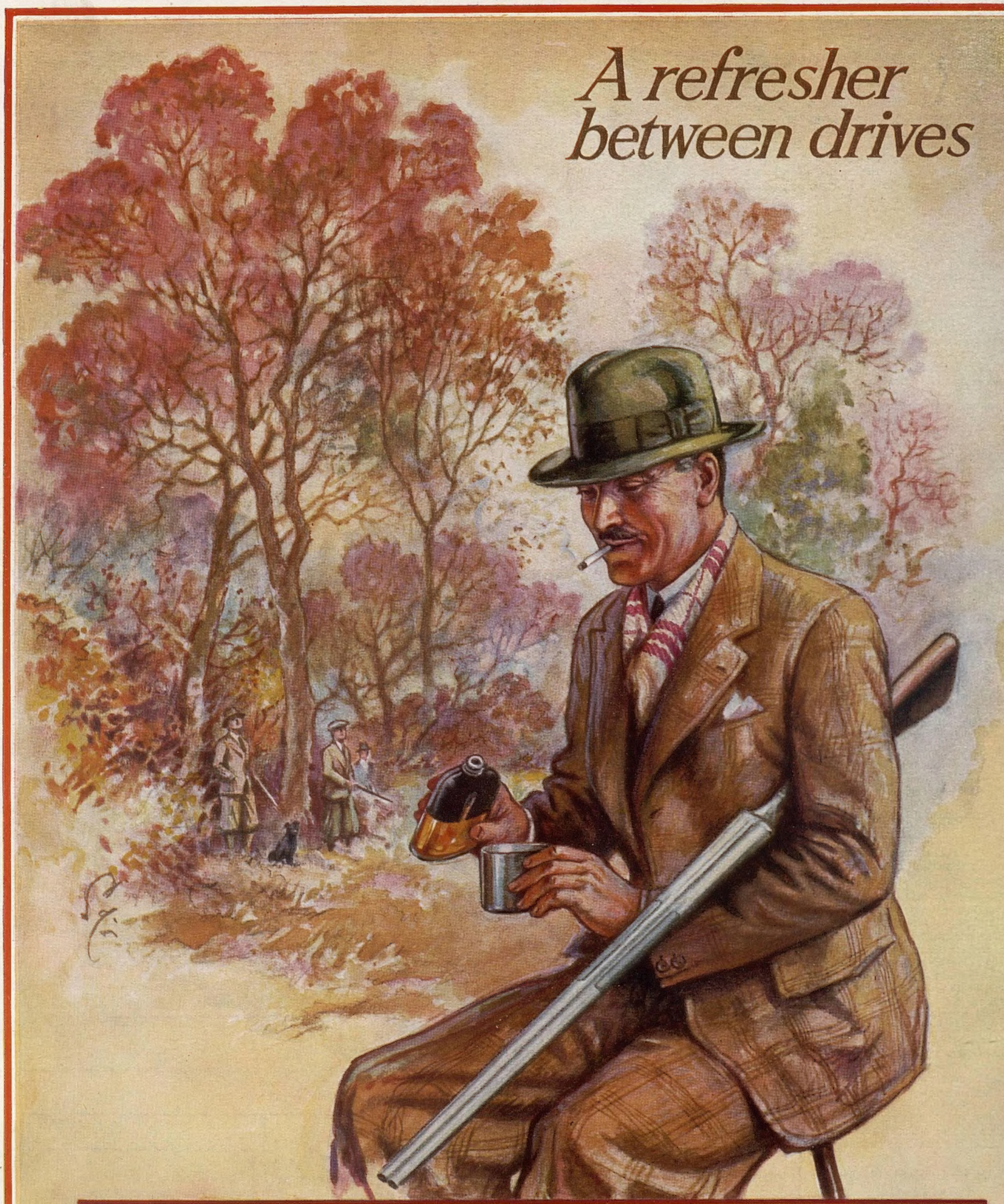
# A refresher between drives



# DEWAR'S

*The Jubilee Spirit*